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KERRANG!

May 16 – 29 No 94 80p

A TUNIC FOR THE TROOPS

Gary Moore & Phil Lynott present arms

ROGUE MALE
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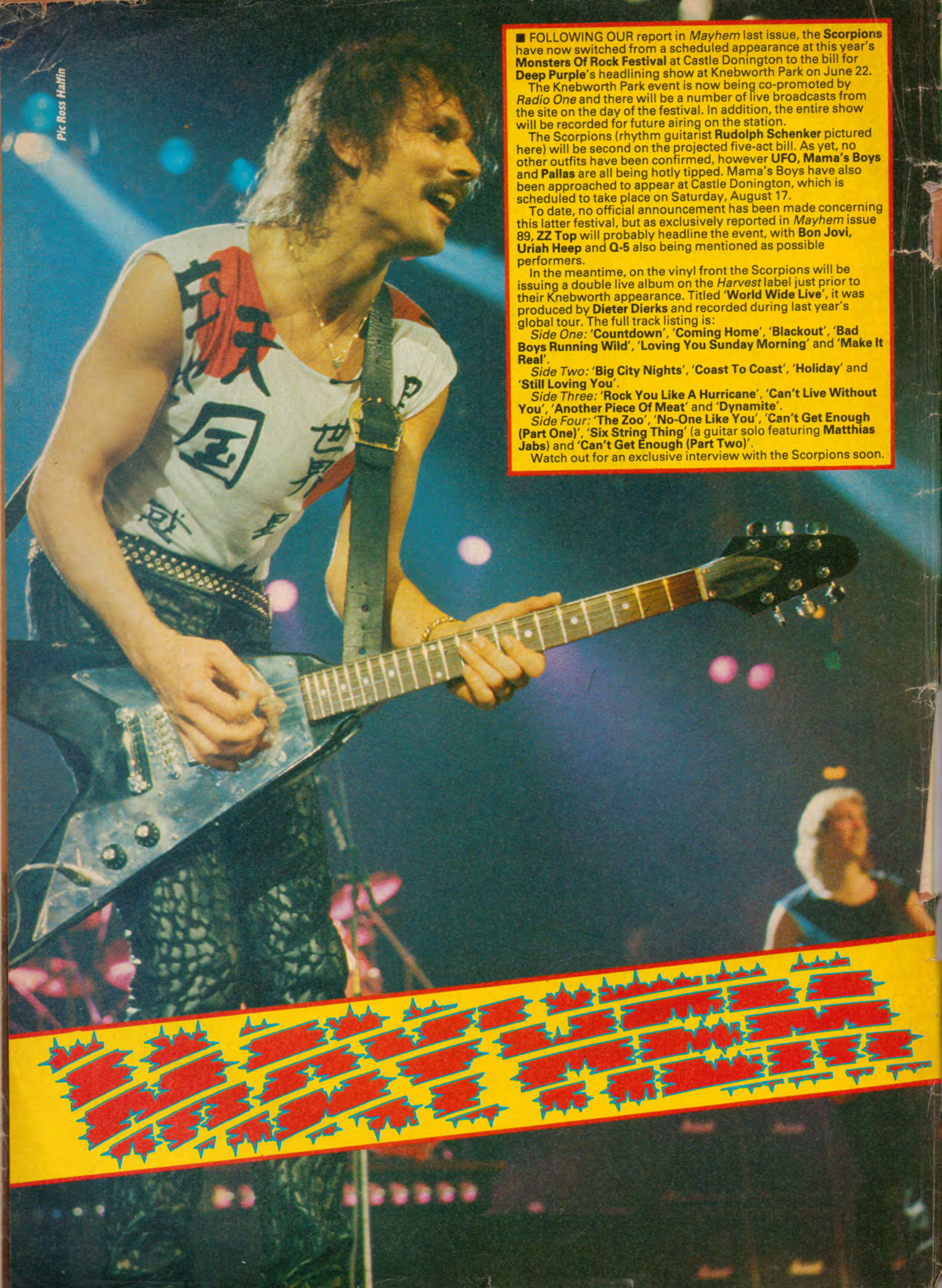


Pic Ross Halfin

■ FOLLOWING OUR report in *Mayhem* last issue, the **Scorpions** have now switched from a scheduled appearance at this year's **Monsters Of Rock Festival** at Castle Donington to the bill for **Deep Purple**'s headlining show at Knebworth Park on June 22.

The Knebworth Park event is now being co-promoted by *Radio One* and there will be a number of live broadcasts from the site on the day of the festival. In addition, the entire show will be recorded for future airing on the station.

The Scorpions (rhythm guitarist **Rudolph Schenker** pictured here) will be second on the projected five-act bill. As yet, no other outfits have been confirmed, however **UFO, Mama's Boys** and **Pallas** are all being hotly tipped. Mama's Boys have also been approached to appear at Castle Donington, which is scheduled to take place on Saturday, August 17.

To date, no official announcement has been made concerning this latter festival, but as exclusively reported in *Mayhem* issue 89, **ZZ Top** will probably headline the event, with **Bon Jovi, Uriah Heep** and **Q-5** also being mentioned as possible performers.

In the meantime, on the vinyl front the Scorpions will be issuing a double live album on the *Harvest* label just prior to their Knebworth appearance. Titled '**World Wide Live**', it was produced by **Dieter Dierks** and recorded during last year's global tour. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**Countdown**', '**Coming Home**', '**Blackout**', '**Bad Boys Running Wild**', '**Loving You Sunday Morning**' and '**Make It Real**'.

Side Two: '**Big City Nights**', '**Coast To Coast**', '**Holiday**' and '**Still Loving You**'.

Side Three: '**Rock You Like A Hurricane**', '**Can't Live Without You**', '**Another Piece Of Meat**' and '**Dynamite**'.

Side Four: '**The Zoo**', '**No-One Like You**', '**Can't Get Enough (Part One)**', '**Six String Thing**' (a guitar solo featuring **Matthias Jabs**) and '**Can't Get Enough (Part Two)**'.

Watch out for an exclusive interview with the Scorpions soon.

■ *BRONZE RECORDS* are currently involved in a legal dispute with **Motörhead**.

The Motörhead situation has been caused due to rumoured attempts by the band's management, **Greybray**, to excise themselves from their recording contract and move to a different company. In retaliation, *Bronze* have slapped an injunction on the trio and Greybray forbidding them to speak to any other record label whilst situation remains unresolved.

■ BASSIST **BOB DAISLEY** has parted company with **Ozzy Osbourne**'s band; as yet no replacement has been announced. In the meantime, Ozzy and guitarist **Jake E. Lee** are writing and demoing material for the act's next studio album, '**The Ultimate Sin**', with producer **Chris Tsangarides**.

■ **RATT** are expected to issue their latest album, '**Invasion Of Your Privacy**', through the *Atlantic* label in the UK during mid-June. It was produced by **Beau Hill**.

■ **MADAM X** were forced to cancel their entire UK tour recently. The official explanation was that vocalist **Bret Kaiser** suffered a family bereavement and had to fly back to America at short notice. The band hope to reschedule all dates for later on this year.

■ **ROBERT PLANT** has just issued a new single, *viz* '**Pink And Black**' b/w '**Trouble Your Money**', on the *Es Paranza* label.

■ **GIRLSCHOOL** ISSUE their latest studio album, '**Running Wild**' (which includes a cover version of **Kiss**'s '**Do Ya Love Me**'), on the *Mercury* label in the US during June. It was produced by **Nick Tauber** at Battery Studios in London. As yet, no UK release has been scheduled.

■ **ROCK GODDESS** will be appearing on *Channel 4*'s '**ECT**' programme on June 7 and **Warlock** have been confirmed for the following week, June 14.

■ VOCALIST **KING DIAMOND** has left **Mercyful Fate** to form a new band. As yet, it's not known whether MF will carry on without his presence.

■ LOS ANGELES act **Legs Diamond** issue their latest album, tentatively titled '**Land Of The Gun**', on the *Target* label in the US within the next couple of months. Engineered by **Robert Biles** at Fiddlers Studio in LA, it has the following track listing: '**My Own Game**', '**Land Of The Gun**', '**Turn To Stone**', '**Waitin' For The Nite**', '**Steal A Heart**', '**Right Between The Eyes**', '**Rock Doktor**' and '**Twisted Love**'.

In addition, the band will be issuing a special EP on the *Metronome* label in Germany, Austria and Switzerland very soon. This is to feature all the songs from last year's '**Out On Bail**' opus plus new titles '**Doomsday Flight**' and '**Seems Like A Dream**'.

■ GERMAN QUINTET **Warlock** have just issued their second album on the *Phonogram* label in Germany, as yet no UK deal has been finalised. Titled '**Hellbound**', it was produced by **Henry Starofte** at Country Lane Studios in Munich and has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Hellbound**', '**All Night**', '**Earthshaker Rock**', '**Wrathchild**' and '**Down And Out**'.

Side Two: '**Out Of Control**', '**Time To Die**', '**Shout It Out**' and '**Catch My Heart**'.

The band will be appearing at **London Marquee Club** on June14.

act **Starcastle** (who released four albums on the *Epic* label during the Seventies) have reformed. The new line-up features original bassist/vocalist **Gary Strater** plus **Adrian Weston** (guitar/vocals), **George Hard** (lead vocals) and **Scott McKenzie** (drums/vocals).

The quartet are currently recording an EP with engineer **Doug Reid** at Argus Wolf Studios in San Francisco and hope to issue this on an as yet unspecified label in the near future.

SPRING TIME!

■ BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (above) will be playing five open air shows in the UK during June/July. The dates are: Newcastle St. James Park June 4/5, London Wembley Stadium July 3/4, Leeds Roundhay Park 7. Tickets are priced at £14.50 (Newcastle/ Leeds) and £15 (Wembley).

Springsteen will also be playing shows in Rotterdam (June 12) and Frankfurt (June 16). Mead Gould Promotions are organising package trips to both dates at a price of £75, inclusive of a concert ticket, accommodation and transport. Further information on this facility is available from: MGP, 61 Queens Rd, Brighton BN1 3XD. Tel: 0273 204101.

■ **FIERCE HEART** have recruited drummer **Frank Liva**. The US trio intend to begin touring in the near future.

■ **CARS** VOCALIST/GUITARIST **Rik Ocasek** is presently working on his second, self-produced solo album at Electric Lady Studios in New York. As yet untitled, it's expected to be issued on the *Elektra* label in the near future.

■ AS MENTIONED in *Kutz Newz* last issue, American pomp-rock

■ **TERRAPLANE** ISSUE a new single on the *Epic* label in the next couple of weeks, *viz* '**When You're Hot**', a remixed version of a track from the band's forthcoming debut album '**Talking To You On The Great White Telephone**', now due for release during late June/early July. For full LP details, see *Kutz Newz* issue 90.

■ **MEAT LOAF** has just issued a re-mixed version of the '**Bad Attitude**' LP on the *RCA* label in the US.

■ **MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS** are organising a package trip to Dublin for **U2**'s show at **Croagh Park** on June 29. For a price of £49, MGP are offering a concert ticket, transport and accommodation. For further information contact: **MGP, 61 Queens Rd, Brighton BN1 3XD**. Tel: **0273 204101**.

■ **JOE WALSH** has just released his latest studio album, '**The Confessor**', on the *Warner Brothers* label in the UK. For full details, see *Kutz Newz* last issue.

■ *ANAGRAM* issue '**Sweet 2th**' on May 17, a single available in both seven inch and 12" formats, featuring two megamixes by engineer **Sanny X** of classic **Sweet** material.

The first side is titled '**Wigwam-Willy Mix**' and contains '**Wigwam Bam**', '**Little Willy**' and '**Funny Funny**'; the 12" version has an extra track, *viz* '**Co-Co**'.

The second side is titled '**The Teen-Action Mix**' and has '**Sixteens**', '**Action**' and '**Lost Angels**'; the 12" format also features '**Rebel Rouser**'.

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* issue 91, bassist **Lawrie Martin** has not joined **Lyadrive**, but remains a member of **No Sweat**, who have just issued a single ('**Never Say Never**') on the *Tewson* label.

■ **W.A.S.P.** ISSUE a 30 minute, six-track video in VHS/Betamax formats through *Picture Music International* on May 27. Titled '**W.A.S.P.**' it was directed by **Derek Burbridge** and recorded at London's Lyceum Ballroom last September. The full track listing is: '**On Your Knees**', '**The Flame**', '**Hellion**', '**Sleeping In The Fire**', '**I Wanna Be Somebody**' and '**Animal (*** Like A Beast)**'.

■ **GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DELAWARE DESTROYERS** have just issued a single on the *EMI America* label. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats, both feature '**I Drink Alone**' on the A-side with '**Gear Jammer**' on the flip. The latter also contains '**Bad To The Bone**'.

■ **PETE HAYCOCK'S CLIMAX** have signed a recording deal with *Nu Disk*. The quartet have just issued an album titled '**Total Climax**' in West Germany (produced by **Paul Brett**), which will get a UK release during June to coincide with a British tour. A single, '**Sunbird**', will precede the LP.

The outfit's line-up is **Peter Haycock** (guitar/lead vocals – formerly with **Climax Blues Band**), **Peter Thompson** (drums/vocals – ex-**Silverhead/Ken Hensley Band**), **Livingstone Brown** (bass/keyboards/vocals – previously with **Shakatak**) and **Keff McCulloch** (guitar/vocals/keyboards).

■ *ASYLUM HAVE* just issued '**Best Of The Eagles**', featuring the following tracks: '**Take It Easy**', '**Peaceful, Easy Feeling**', '**Desperado**', '**Tequila Sunrise**', '**Best Of My Love**', '**Lyin' Eyes**', '**Take It To The Limit**', '**One Of These Nights**', '**Hotel California**', '**New Kid In Town**', '**Life In The Fast Lane**', '**Heartache Tonight**' and '**The Long Run**'.

MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

■ A NEW London act called **Blackfox** has just been formed, featuring **Tony Forsythe** (bass/lead vocals – previously with **Overdrive**), **Cris Martin** (guitar/backing vocals – ex-**Thunderstick**)/**Dave Cenzak** (guitar/backing vocals – previously with **Stampede**) and **Bryson Graham** (drums/backing vocals – formerly with **Girl**).

The quartet are presently recording an album at Matrix Studios in London for release on an as yet undisclosed label. At the moment, Blackfox are seeking major management backing. Interested parties can contact them at: **27. Goldington Ct, Royal College St, London NW1 0PA**. Tel: **01 388 9177**.

■ A NEW band has been formed under the monicker of **Slut**. Inspired by **W.A.S.P.**, this Dorset-based act features **Andy Sturdy** (guitars/vocals), **Mark 'Monkey' Elliott** (guitar/vocals), **Chris 'Poochie' Trent** (lead vocals) and **Mark 'Frank' Wellman** (drums).

The outfit are currently auditioning bassists and can be contacted *via* **Phil A'Court** at: **57, Lulworth Avenue, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset**.

■ TORONTO ACT **Harlott** are presently working on a five-track EP and will be supporting **Keel** during the latter's forthcoming Canadian tour.

The band's line-up is **Tony De La Hunt** (lead vocals), **Stan Cowan/Burt Bartoletti** (guitars – the latter was previously with **Hanover Fist** and **Lee Aaron**), **Sparky Rawano** (bass) and **Steve Cribar** (drums).

■ FORMER **Crawler/If** guitarist **Geoff Whitehorn,** currently a member of **Roger Chapman & The Short List**, is working on a solo album with producer **Tony Atkins** at Village Recorders Studio in London.

■ YORKSHIRE TRIO **Tempest** (formerly known as **Smokin' Roadie**) have signed a label deal with *Mak Records*. Their first release will be a single titled **'Hellfire'** (produced by **Roy Wood**), due out in late May.

■ **HELIX** who are currently touring Canada with **Triumph** issue their latest studio album through the *Capitol* label in Canada on May 27; as yet no British or American release date has been set.

Titled **'Long Way To Heaven'**, it was produced by **Tom Tremeuth** and recorded at Phase One Studios (Toronto)/mixed at Electric Lady (New York). The full track listing is:

Side One: **'The Kids Are All Shakin''**, **'Deep Cutz The Knife'**, **'Ride The Rocket'**, **'Long Way To Heaven'** and **'House On Fire'**.

Side Two: **'Christine'**, **'Without You (Jasmine's Song)'**, **'School Of Hard Knocks'**, **'Don't Touch The Merchandise'** and **'Bangin' Off-A-The Bricks'**.

■ **RAVEN** HAVE been forced to cancel the remaining dates on their American tour because drummer **Rob 'Wacko' Hunter** has broken an arm.

RICK SPRINGFIELD *will play London Hammersmith Odeon on May 16. Tickets are priced at £6.50/£5.50/£4.50.*

WISHBONE ASH *have confirmed the following dates during June: Guildford Surrey University June 1, Chippenham Golddiggers 2, Birmingham Odeon 5, Ayr Pavilion 7, Dundee Caird Hall 8, Stirling Albert Hall 9, Nottingham Rock City 11, Worthing Assembly Hall 13, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 14, St. Albans City Hall 15, Lincoln Theatre Royal 19, London Hammersmith Odeon 21 (postponed from June 4). Support act for all dates are* ***IQ****. IQ themselves will also play shows at Whitehouse Whitehaven Club June 27, Glasgow The Venue 28, Wishaw Heathery Bar 29.*

HAWKWIND *will be appearing at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall June 1, Reading Hexagon Theatre 2, Dunstable Queensway Hall 3, Nottingham Rock City 4.* ***Lee Aaron*** *will support on all dates. Ms Aaron will also headline a date at Camden Dingwalls on May 29. Support act are* ***M-80.***

TWELFTH NIGHT *have added shows at Bristol Granary May 16 and Portsmouth Polytechnic 18 to their itinerary.*

RANDY CALIFORNIA *plays London Marquee Club May 15, Guildford Royal 16, Oxford Penny Farthing 17, Catford Saxon Tavern 18.*

TORMÉ *play Oldham Oddy's Club on May 30.*

THE CULT *play Newcastle Mayfair May 23, Glasgow Barrowlands 24, Leeds University 25, Birmingham Powerhouse 26, Manchester Ritz 28, Hanley Victoria Hall 29, Leicester De Montfort Hall 30, Portsmouth Guildhall June 1, Bristol Studio 2, London Hammersmith Palais 3.*

THE BLOOD*, who have just issued a new album titled* ***'Se Parare Nex'*** *on the* Neon *label (produced by* ***Cronos****), play Stoke-On-Trent Shelly's May 15, Kilmarnock Kaoi Koi Bar 16, Kircaldy St. Claire Tavern 17, Ashington Central Club 18, South Shields Legion Club 19, Billingham Swan Hotel 21, Sunderland Old 29 Club 22, Spennymore Chaplin Night Spot 23, Scarborough Victoria's 24, Oldham Oddy's Club 25, Leeds Cosmo Club 26, Carlisle Stars & Stripes 28, Runcorn Cherry Tree 29, Bristol Granary 30, Walthamstow Royal Standard 31.*

THE NEW TORPEDOS *play Camden Dingwalls on May 22. Support act are* ***Tantrum****.*

THE GRIP *play Kensington Ad Lib on May 16. Support act are* ***Dogs D'Amour****.*

SHE*, from Newcastle, play Sunderland Mecca Centre May 17, Mitford Plough Inn 18, South Shields Marsden Inn 24, Sunderland Old 29 Club 25, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Shieldfield Club 31.*

The band have just issued their debut single, ***'Never Surrender'****, on* Neat *subsidiary* Rock Records. *Produced by former* ***Tygers Of Pan Tang*** *guitarist* ***Fred Purser****, it's available in both seven and 12" formats.*

PENDRAGON*, who have just completed work on their debut album (****'The Jewel'****) at Soundmill Studios in Reading, will be appearing at Brighton Pavilion May 16, London Marquee Club 17/18, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 25.*

DAGABAND*, who have recently recruited former* ***Tamarisk*** *guitarist/bassist* ***Nick May****, have lined up dates at Edinburgh La Sorbonne May 18, Peebles Cross Keys Hotel 19, Kendal Arts Centre 30, Whitley Bay Esplanade Club June 1, Bannockburn Tandhu Club 26, Thornton Crown Hotel 27, Falkirk Burns Bar 30, Carlisle Stars & Stripes July 1.*

AUNT MAY *have added the following dates to their tour: Kensington Ad Lib June 1, Camden Dingwalls 13 (supported by* ***Marionette****), Walthamstow Royal Standard 21.*

LAHOST *play Thatcham Silks Club May 20, Windsor Arts Centre 21, Dunstable Wheatsheaf 22, Oxford Penny Farthing 24, Gloucester Nelsons Club 25, Witney RUFC 26.*

CHASAR *have confirmed dates at Alloa Town Hall May 24, Falkirk Burns Bar June 2, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 20.*

SEDUCER *have added the following dates to their UK tour: Brentwood Hermit May 16, Southend Top Alex 17, Bournemouth Continental Cinema June 2, London Embassy Club 4, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 15.*

TRUFFLE *appear at Hereford Market Tavern May 17, Cardiff Bogies 18, Gravesend Red Lion 24, Chichester Rock Society June 1.*

CAUSE & EFFECT*, described as 'a contemporary pop/rock band from West Sussex', play dates at Purley Cinderella Rockerfeller's May 19, Sharpthorne Ravenswood Inn 28, Kensington Ad Lib 30, Crawley Apple Tree June 8, London Embassy Club 10, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 12.*

MOURNBLADE*, who have recently recruited former* ***White Lightning*** *drummer* ***Jeff Ward****, play Wycombe Nags Head on May 16.*

SINFUL*, from Nottingham, play Nottingham Palais on June 13.*

GIPSY*, from Exeter, will be appearing at Redruth London Hotel May 17, Launceton White Horse Tower 19, Exeter Oxenham Lodge 25, Newton St. Cyres Beer Engine 28.*

RICHTER*, a trio from Oldham, play Burnley Bank Hall Miners June 2, Todmordon Shoulder Of Mutton 7, Ashton The Globe 9, Ashton The Spread Eagle 22.*

NO FAVORS*, from Stoke-On-Trent, play Hanley Victoria Hall May 17 (supporting* ***Magnum****), Stoke-On-Trent Waggon & Horses 31.*

A MAJOR festival called The Heavy Sound Festival takes place at Poperinge in Belgium on May 26. The line-up features UFO (above), Slayer, Lee Aaron, Pretty Maids, Tobruk, Tokyo Blade, Crossfire and Warlock. The show begins at 11.00am and further information can be obtained from: Luc Waeyaert, Populiereweg 79, 8280 Koekelare, Belgium.

'HEAR NO EVIL.' GEORGE HARDIE.

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.

WIN A TRIP TO SEE BON JOVI IN CONCERT IN AMERICA!

OK, *KERRANG!* KADETS, here's your chance to win a trip to America to see Bon Jovi live in concert!

That's right, because shortly after their upcoming UK dates, Bon Jovi – named 'Best New Band' in the most recent *Kerrang!* readers' poll – will be heading out on an extensive trek around the US . . . and YOU could be a part of it.

All you've gotta do is answer the three questions on this page and the first correct entry outta the *Kerrang!* sack will win this once-in-a-lifetime prize!

There are also a plethora of runner-up prizes of copies of the new Bon Jovi album '7800° Fahrenheit' and exclusive Bon Jovi T-shirts.

BUT BE WARNED! Entries to this competition WILL NOT be accepted unless written on the cut-out form attached to the Bon Jovi insert leaflet to be found elsewhere within this issue.

This leaflet ALSO entitles you to claim £1 OFF the market price of the new Bon Jovi LP – so please read the instructions carefully!

You'll find ample space in which to write your answers on the aforementioned insert form. So put on your thinking caps, cos our three Bon Jovi competition questions are . . .

1) What's the name of the man who has produced records by both Bon Jovi and Lita Ford?

2) How do you spell Jon Bon Jovi's *real* name?

3) Who did Bon Jovi support last year when they played their first-ever British dates?

Pic Ross Halfin

LP & CASSETTE

FEATURING THE SINGLE
'RADIOACTIVE'

ON TOUR

SAT. MAY 18 BIRMINGHAM, NEC
MON. MAY 20 PLAYHOUSE, EDINBURGH
WED. MAY 22 WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON

ATLANTIC

Distributed by wea Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Co.

Pic Eugene Adebari

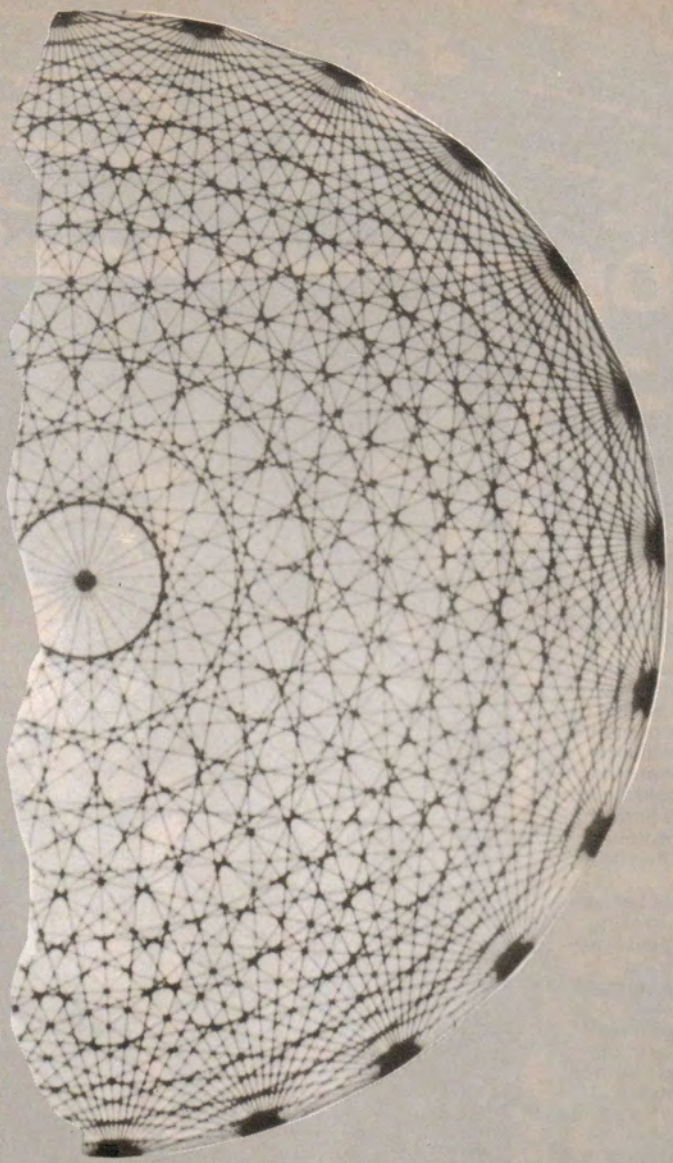
HOT ON the carousel to fame, fortune and Indian curries come Midlands rave-up artists Shy. Yeah, this bunch of broodingly melodic hucksters have come a long way since their debut album on the *Ebony* label at the end of '83, namely 'Once Bitten, Twice . . .'

The boys are currently planning a short UK tour to promote the release of their rather nifty Tony Platt-produced album 'Brave The Storm' on the *RCA* label, following which they'll be trotting over to America to bring a taste of British AOR sensibility to the wild hordes.

Watch out for a full-blown feature on Shy soonest. In the meantime, break out those umbrellas!

MALCOLM DOME

PRECIOUS METAL



URIAH HEEP

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

NEW SINGLE ON 7" + 12"

Produced by · TONY PLATT

Bronze A6309 TA6309

TOUR DATES: MAY 15th: MANCHESTER APOLLO
MAY 16th: GLASGOW APOLLO · MAY 17th: BIRMINGHAM ODEON
MAY 18th: SHEFFIELD CITY HALL · MAY 19th HAMMERSMITH ODEON

K: Kompost!
KK: Klueless!
KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive!
KKKKK: Kolossal!

The Killing Machine

MEGADETH
'Killing Is My Business . . . And Business Is Good'
(Music For Nations MFN 46)
KKKK

GAWD, AM I glad I held on to my 'Metal Church Neck Brace', coz the various Frash Metal albums doing the rounds at the moment have been wearing out me poor ol' Gregory Peck!

These Frash units just seem to keep on getting better and better and faster and faster. I mean to say, in the last couple of months we've had the Exodus klassik 'Bonded By Blood' (every fan of serious whiplash should fork out a Lady Godiva for this gem) and, shock-horror, even the new Slayer album 'Dome Awaits' is halfway decent.

But there has always been one important ingredient missing from the aforementioned Frash offerings – HUMOUR. But Megadeth have altered all that. After playing this LP and collapsing on the floor in fits of laughter, I can only say that Megadeth's business is humour and the humour is good.

Megadeth, in kase you didn't know, is really an off-shoot of Metallica. Dave Mustaine, a real loony if ever there was one, was given the boot by those kings of Frash a while back, to be replaced by axepert Kirk Hammet. The reasons for Mustaine's exit are endless and too komplikated to get into here, but obviously the madman wasn't going to be put down like a rabid dog, he had other mad 'n' krazy ideas going on inside his head – like forming a band kalled Megadeth. And the end result is, like, weird man!

It's nice to hear an album that's full of surprises and there are plenty of 'em here. I won't ruin the album's opening for you, let's just say that 'Last Rites' is *different*. This leads us cleverly into 'Loved To Death', which is reminiscent of Mustaine as he was back in his Metallica days – right down to the sarkastik laughing. But it's on the title kut 'Killing Is My Business . . . And Business Is Good', where the NEW Mustaine shines through. One really can see a sick mind at work here, I mean just dig the krap out of these fine lyrics: *'I am a sniper/Always hit the mark/Paid assassin/Working after dark/ Looking through the night/Using infra-red/My target on you/Aimed at your head/10,000 up front/ 10,000 when I'm through . . . Killing is my business . . . And business is good!'*

My other fave rave on *Side One* is the very pornographik 'Boots',

MEGADETH (Dave Mustaine centre bottom): there's a sick mind at work here!

which is a send-up version of Nancy Sinatra's 'These Boots Are Made For Walking'. Mustaine has very cleverly rearranged the song by adding an almost slow 'n' sleazy reggae riff, then we go vvvrrrroooooomm for a bit, then it's back to that tea cozy riff again, oh and bass player David Elfeson can take a bow for his fine bass runs.

Flip the sucker over and readjust your neck brace for *Side Two*. It opens up with 'Rattlehead', a real frasher, but the kloning of James Hetfield's voice kinda lets the song down. However things improve on 'Looking Down The Cross'. The music is very eerie and could quite easily sit on a Hammer House Of Horror soundtrack, it's sorta epic-like in its build up – great stuff.

'Killing' kloses the album on a high note with a little dig at Metallica – Mustaine has taken 'Mechanix' (an old Metallica song which developed into 'Four Horsemen', a track on Metallica's 'Kill 'Em All' album) and has completely out frashed Metallica. I must confess I still prefer the 'Four Horsemen' version, but you can't help but admire the rawness Mustaine has injected into his rendition.

Yes folks, this album is a hoot and a must for wild parties! And remember – ligging is my business and the swigging is good – keep kool!

XAVIER RUSSELL

THE GEORGIA SATELLITES
'Keep The Faith'
(Making Waves Import SPRAY 301)
KKKKK

'I SAID, honey don't put my love on the shelf,
She said, don't gimme none of your lines . . .
And KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!' – 'Keep Your Hands To Yourself'

AWRIGHT . . . LET'S ROCK! Come on boys, I'll take you out tonight. We're going south of the river, I want you all to listen to the finest album the Rolling Stones never recorded. Ladeez an' gen'lmen . . . allow me to introduce you to . . . 'Keep The Faith' by the one and only Georgia Satellites!

AWRIGHT . . . LET'S ROCK! Move a little closer to that bottle of *Wild Turkey* and we'll have no ponying around while we play this album. And son, fetch me my shotgun . . . I wants to feel the *notches* on the barrel . . .

What we got here is a wagon-load of pure straight-from-the-distillery bottled blues. Fire water for to turn a man into a walking, talking, six foot monkey. If I was to cut up ZZ Top, the Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry, and, my God, whispering Bob Dylan, and then very casually sow the pieces all back together into one green-eyed mutant with a broken Bourbon bottle for a voice and a howling wolf for the guitars, nobody would argue that the band would be called the Georgia Satellites. Because that's what they sound like. Absolutely brilliant! AWRIGHT . . . YEAH!

The Georgia Satellites are basically two people: Dan Baird and Rick Richards – both of whom play mean guitar and sing lean, thirsty vocals.

This is a mini album comprising six of the best the boys have to offer. Doctor, they will make you feel good . . . if this ain't the most exciting debut album I hear from a completely unknown band this year . . . s**t, my name's not Napoleon.

'Keep Your Hands To Yourself' cold seriously damage your health if you're fool enough to turn your back on it while the band are playing. Mean teeth and dirty hair, with lyrics straight from the neck of the bottle. 'Crazy' slips the 'cuffs long enough to sling in a good right hook, and 'Tell My Fortune', 'Red Light' and one pure gold version of 'The Race Is On' are enough to drive a man to drink.

And why not? This is rock and roll at its very, very best; quite ludicrously and unnecessarily exciting. Rick Richards plays a Perspex guitar just like Keef did on 'Exile On Main Street', and it sounds like it. And it says on the sleeve that the inspiration for this album came from *'Chuck Berry and Jack Daniels'*.

Need I say more, other than to add that this album is now available for a small price in this country and I think you owe it to the neighbours to keep up the bad reputation you enjoy and go out immediately and buy yourself a copy of this wonderful record.

AWRIGHT . . . LET'S ROCK!

MICK WALL

THOR
'Only The Strong'
(Roadrunner RR 9790)
KKK¾

WRATHCHILD
'Trash Queens'
(Dojo Records DOJOLP6)
K or possibly KKKKK

THE COMIC book subsection of the HM *genre* holds endless fascination for a mangled, manifestly maverick mind such as mine. From the glories of early Kiss through to the (sadly unfulfilled) satin peacock promise of Kevin Kozak's kiss-ass kronies Rox, Music Hall Metal, Vaudeville Rock, Panto-hem – call it what you will – has consistently provided the blown-out Bartonian bird-brain with hours of tackola entertainment.

In '85, the prime poutin' movers in the Stan Lee scene are Thor and Wrathchild, and needless to say I enjoy the amusement arcade antix of both immensely. But do either of 'em possess the required ability to graduate beyond their world of pulsating pinball tables into the mean 'n' mighty real-life existence of True Metal?

If I was placin' bets, out of the two my money would go on 'Worcestershire Glam Wallies' Wrathchild. Thor is simply too nice, too much of a gentlemen to (as those lovable Wham! boys might say) Make It Big. 'Only The Strong' is a splendid album, I'm gonna play it a lot . . . but, that said, there's really no denying that it falls a long way short of Walter Simonson's apocalyptic Ragnarok 'n' roll vision. Thor's such a pussycat, in a way that's part of his charm, but until he can learn to mooch around the garbage cans, arch his back, whip out his claws and draw blood, I've a sinkin' feeling he's fated to remain strictly second division.

I've extolled the virtues of Wrathchild at length in these pages previously, and it's sad to see 'business hassles' grindin' 'em down at the moment.

The band have disowned this latest, unofficial release, which is basically a collection of half-formed old *Bullet* trax plus some abysmal live numbers.

But, for all that, I kinda like 'Trash Queens'. Bad as it is, it enduced in me a desperate craving for yoghurt and an unholy desire to place a trifle between my legs. It ain't the real thing, but (squelch) for the time being it'll do, it'll do . . .

GEOFF BARTON

MARC BOLAN AND T REX
'The Main Man'
(Cambra CR5161)
KKKKK

IN 40 YEARS' time, when I'm approaching 70, when I'm old, grizzled, grey and totally, terminally deaf, I'll doubtless spend my daze lying in bed on intravenous *Jack Daniels* drip-feed, reflecting on my past career in the rock 'n' roll entertainment industry.

And while I recline in senile stupor I reckon that if I'll hold one single cherished memory of that tempestuous time of oh-so long ago, it'll be this: the fact that I once interviewed Marc Bolan.

It's rare indeed that you meet one of your heroes and they live up to – indeed, *exceed* – your expectations. All too often it's a let down and you leave the encounter depressed and downhearted, solemnly, sadly reflecting that 'the man was a prat' and determined to never *ever* play one of his records again.

Bolan wasn't like that. He was exactly how I'd assumed him to be, how I'd *wanted* him to be. Just as I pictured him, watching those various *TOTP* appearances goggle-eyed and over piles of homework, while he gleamed, glittered and pouted along to the Woodland Bop of the likes of 'Hot Love' and 'Jeepster'.

Impish, charismatic, humorous and intelligent, rollin' Bolan was a true pop 'n' roll idol, one of the last of his breed. Maybe he had a big ego, but he deserved it, it was *rightfully* his.

It makes me laugh when I look at the berks who hog the singles chart today and who're worshipped by young teenage girls. Wham!, Duran Duran, Spandau *et al* are completely insignificant, talentless, s**t-faced little *oiks* compared to the magical Marc, who was and *still is* the Main Man.

This compilation album is a goodie. It's always a problem, reviewing this type of LP. But you can never please all of the people all of the time and, as a long-time Bolan fan, I gotta say that this here lovingly assembled double tribute package is nigh-on perfect.

My record collection is fairly bulging with Bolan bits 'n' pieces, but if financial straits forced me to sell tomorrow I'd still make sure I kept 'My People Were Fair . . .', 'Electric Warrior' and *this* record. Yeah, it's *that* good, traversing the T Rex (NB: *not* Tyrannosaurus Rex) career from day one until untimely termination, every track a gem, every song an achingly happy stroll down recollection row.

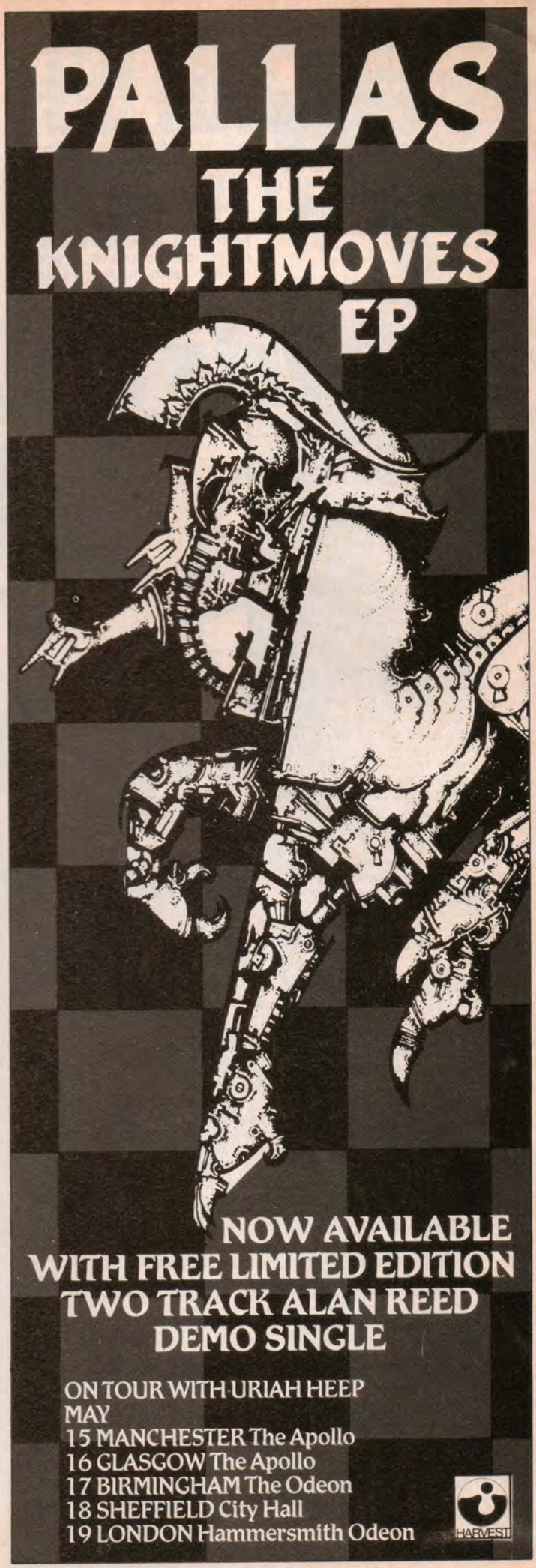
I love Bolan's lyrics. Childlike, hippyfied, stream of consciousness, meaningless . . . and twee-sounding in the mid-Eighties maybe, but to *these* elfin ears – sheer poetry. It's all here: '*I can't get no satisfaction, all I want is easy action – BABY!*'; the woman walking 'round New York City with a '*frog in her hand*'; the Metal Guru, shining like '*a silver-studded, sabre-toothed dream*' . . . glorious. Simply glorious.

Ol' Bolan was a mean guitar player too, HM fans. 'Solid Gold Easy Action' and '20th Century Boy' (remember the Girlschool cover?) in particular contain liberal doses of what we in the trade call 'scorching axework'. And long-time Marc *aficionados* will remember the album 'A Beard Of Stars', when Marc turned from deft acoustic to dynamite electric and battered the senses with an extended workout on the track 'Elemental Child'.

. . . So many memories, so little space in which to recall and recount 'em all. There's nothing more boring than a review listing endless trax, so I won't bother. I'll just reiterate that, in my view, this album is *the best there is*. And yeah, one day, when that drip feed runs dry and bodily functions finally cease, maybe I'll be meeting Bolan once again.

GEOFF BARTON

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE



FROM PAGE 11

SHY
'Brave The Storm'
(RCA PL70605)
KKKK

SHY WERE one of the pioneers of the grassroots 'return to melody' movement in British rock after the grim-faced rifferama of the NWOBHM, and their experience is well reflected in the thought that has evidently gone into arranging the nine tracks on the album.

Of course it's all been done before, so it's down to how you shuffle all the elements as to just how well you're going to be able to stand as individuals amongst all the other like-minded outfits – Shy have few problems in that department, and keyboards player Pat McKenna distributes some particularly admirable stuff throughout the album's two sides.

The only major note of complaint centres on a number of the hooks – not only are the harmonies so overloaded that repeated exposure could actually rot your teeth, but there's also a problem with the thoughtful arrangements having stopped short of each chorus. The result is a large number of Radio Two-type blandishments nestling in the midst of massed aggression.

Vocalist Tony Mills is unflaggingly excellent throughout; once or twice he comes respectably close to the incomparable Geoff Tate (try 'The Hunter' for a taste) and in one number ('Caught In The Act') you'd swear that someone had dragged in Rik Emmett to recapture some of his 'Allied Forces' excesses of excellence.

Shy certainly hold adrenalin in high esteem, and it's been richly invested in the material on the album. Only one ballad appears, but the refreshing approach to 'Reflections' adds individuality to a pretty basic format; elsewhere the band are clearly on the run with fire in their eyes. 'Hold On', the single, may be catchy but it's one of the more trivial offerings and pales into insignificance against the dark undertow of 'The Hunter', the triumphant 'Caught In The Act' or the slashing vigour of 'My Apollo' where bassist Roy Stephen Davis plays a starring role in driving the song along.

Interestingly, though, nothing much has sunk in so far despite repeated plays, save for one recurring section of 'Wild, Wild Woman' (goofy title, guys) caught between a respectable verse and the most nauseating hook on the record. Are the songs at fault, or is it the way they sound on this record? It's slim encouragement to Shy when they need a great record that I suspect the latter is the case.

PAUL SUTER

Fields Of Fire

RICK SPRINGFIELD
'Tao'
(RCA PL/PK 85370)
KKKKK

LET'S GET one thing straight from the outset. I am not a long-standing Rick Springfield fan. In fact I've always regarded him as a fairly talented teenybop idol who can sing a bit, play guitar a bit, act a bit and has one or two good pop/rock numbers ('Jessie's Girl' in particular). But he was never in the 'real ball game'.

Well, all that has changed dramatically and decisively. It started when I caught the promotional clip for Springfield's latest single 'Celebrate Youth' in the slips on MTV. I was totally floor polished, not only by the nifty 'n' joyous video, but also by the remarkably fluent sound of the song itself.

I was hooked on the tow line and, having successfully blagged myself a cassette copy of 'Tao' (ta, Wendy), proceeded to play it to death on a seven hour flight from New York to London. Pan Am passengers were seen to tear their sugar-coated skin and rip at stomach linings pleading for me to switch to something a little less overbearing such as Slayer or Piledriver. But, in the great tradition of Sid James/Kenneth Williams/Hatti Jacques, I carried on . . . regardless.

And back in the wet 'n' wacko metropolis I'm still playing tag with this album in no uncertain terms because, quite honestly, it ain't merely another fine LP but a monumental achievement that not only typifies the sounds of Eighties rock, but helps to shape them.

'Tao' works on three levels.

Firstly, there's the production. Springfield, in association with co-producer/engineer Bill Drescher, has synthesised a protagonist formula that relies heavily on electronic effects but nonetheless retains a purity of colour, texture and spontaneity so often lacking in '85 produce.

His phrasing and control are truly staggering. For instance, the chorus line for 'Celebrate Youth' rolls along on the surface of switchblade vocal harmonies and synth floods, yet in the midst of all this activity a searing guitar chord suddenly thrusts its crotch forward only to disappear as rapidly as it arrived, a shock tactic that comes close to genius. Moreover, there are percussive patterns throughout 'Walking On The Edge' and 'Dance This World Away' which will have you gasping for enriched superlatives. And on every cut, Springfield's mixing desk timing is metronomic in its perfection.

RICK SPRINGFIELD: 'a monumental achievement'

If you enjoyed 'Go Insane' (Lindsey Buckingham), 'Building The Perfect Beast' (Don Henley) and 'Dangerous Music' (Robin George), then you'll go several bundles of firewood on the 'Tao' approach.

Secondly, there's the music. This veers from the anthemic sun-burst of 'Celebrate Youth' to the heart warming plaintive poetry of 'The Power Of Love' and 'State Of The Heart' and the gyrating, fibreglass pulse within 'Dance This World Away' and 'Written In Rock'.

Each number has an essentially simplistic, traditional pop/rock structure built into a towerblock of harmonies, a palace of hooks and a mansion of professional tautness. Here mention must be made of the contributions from such musos as synth men Mitchell Froom (ex-Gamma) and Nicky Hopkins, bassist Pino Palladino, plus backing vocalists Tom Kelly (an REO cohort) and the incredible Edie Lehmann, a female songbird who, on the few occasions she comes to the fore, sounds quite magnificent; does anyone know how to contact her?

Thirdly, there are the lyrics. No ordinary dreamer, Springfield writes eruditely about socially distressing frivolity ('I see people all dressed like Nero/Fiddling while Rome burns in strife/Personal responsibility zero . . .' – 'Dance This World Away'), the critical importance of retaining your childhood ('Looking in a child's eye/There's no hate and there's no lie/There's no black and there's no white' – 'Celebrate Youth'), the nuclear threat ('We're walking on the edge of the long black night/From the left and from the right' – 'Walking On The Edge') and the ravages of maturity ('I stare in the bathroom mirror at my face/God, I look so pale/Lines crawl across my face – 'Walk Live A Man').

Add the triple compartments together and you've got perhaps the best album to emerge over the past two years. Heck, in all this verbiage I haven't even mentioned 'My Father's Chair', wherein Springfield gives his most passionate and emotional vocal performance whilst he describes the pain as a family (his?) attempt to come to terms with the loss of a loved one. Sung against the backdrop of a gentle piano accompaniment, this tugs at the elastic heart strings in a manner so redolent of Elton John in prime form.

So there you have it, 'Tao' is a masterpiece and I shall expect everyone reading this review to purchase a copy forthwith, OK?

MALCOLM DOME

ROUGH CUTT
'Rough Cutt'
(Warner Brother 9252681)
KKK

QUESTION: REMOVE the Sword & Sorcery from Dio and what are you left with? Answer: Rough Cutt!

Although, judging by the photo that adorns the back cover of this album, Rough Cutt appear to be coming on like latter day Barbarians, they're really quite modern in a mid-Seventies fashion.

This band make their musical intentions eminently clear from the opening chords of *Side One* – the song is called 'Take Her' – where guiters come chugging out of the speakers and head straight for the neck. By the fourth track, 'Dreamin' Again', we're into the obligatory ballad and some back-peddling into Dio mysticism again, but there you go, you can't have everything.

You see, Ronnie can get away with it by virtue of the fact that he's old, doesn't know any better and also does it extremely well, better than anyone I can think of; Rough Cutt ought not to be delving into this sort of territory, they ought to be concentrating on the controlled frenzy of the following track, the punchy, energetic romp titled 'Cutt Your Heart Out'. Rough Cutt are an Eighties band who should be behaving and playing like one. This is the thrust of my only bitch about this album – it's all a bit *too* predictable, a bit too like you've heard it all before.

Nevertheless, what Rough Cutt lack in the way of originality they certainly make up for in the Balls-To-The-Wall division.

'Black Widow', which opens *Side Two*, is a number destined to keep the punters happy as it flexes its not inconsiderable muscle, guitars flashing like scimitars and Paul Shortino growling dark and unholy threats at or about the lady in question. The obligatory *Side Two* ballad comes up next before we get back to business with 'Kids Will Rock'. This is the stuff guys, forget all that Dio nonsense, aggressive, powerful, the kind of track to go treading on necks to: Modern Metal, it does your heart good to hear this kind of stuff.

DAVE DICKSON

McCOY
'Think Hard'
(Mausoleum Records SKULL 8373)
KKKK

IT MAY have taken John McCoy two-and-a-half years to recover from the untimely and much lamented demise of the band Gillan, but with the release of 'Think Hard' I can almost say it was worth the wait.

In fact, I'd go as far as to say that with 'Think Hard' he's managed – just about – to top any album he's put his name to since Gillan's 1981 peak album, 'Future Shock'.

As a bass player John could hold his own in any top-notch line-up either side of the Atlantic crossing, but it's his talent and strength as a songwriter, arranger and producer that separates and elevates him from, and above, the rest of the pack.

Whatever you might think hard of 'Think Hard', and we could probably argue the toss about the production all night long because it definitely lacks something, you can't mistake the pull of the songs; some of the most interesting and exciting material being written by any 'new' British rock band is to be found on either side of this most excellent album.

Opening with the dynamic 'Freemind', the band kick out harder and faster than a classroom full of Mötley Crües; the guitars, from a much rejuvenated Paul Samson, are all heart-ache and empty whiskey bottles; the drums and bass act like a rabbit-punch to the back of the neck, distilled adrenalin pumping like a freight-train on greased rails aiming for the solar plexus. *'The Demon Rose' could be Bruce Springsteen, or it could be Bob Seger in his 'Night Moves' prime, only of course, it ain't; it's Big John and the boys bearing their souls to a sympathetic two-inch tape. The vocals, by the now sadly departed T.Bone Rees, are full of smoke and whiskey and soiled bedsheets – magic man's talk . . .*

'Loving Lies', a ballad in the tradition of the Faces doing 'I'd Rather Go Blind', torments and tickles with its fevered vocal and ghostly blue guitar; 'Hell To Play' closes the side in royal rock fashion, guitars and drums exploding on ignition . .

Over on Side Two *come the only really dodgy moments, with the first two tracks, 'Heads Will Roll' and 'Ride The Night'. Both of them are second-rate rock and rollers, too throwaway and a little too tedious in terms of production and execution by comparison to what comes next: the best two tracks on the album, 'Fear Of The Morning' and 'Jerusalem'.*

'. . . Morning' weaves out of the speakers with the guitars as tense and spine-tingling as Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac at its very best; intoxicating as a dream, as charged and emotional as a bottle of Remi Martin *cognac, the kind of number you just long to see the band play live to a big crowd of fully blossoming bloosers-boozers. 'Jerusalem'. . . is it a hymn? Uh, yes. Like we used to sing in school? Well, no. More to do with finding El Dorado, locating Shangri-La, somewhere over the rainbow there is a land that I dream of . . . for all I know it might be called 'Jerusalem'.*

Since this album was recorded, John McCoy has recruited a new girl singer, Nicky Brooks, and guitarist Mark Keen from the Grip and hopefully that won't make too much difference when the band take this album out on the road. Either way, 'Think Hard' is obviously an unrepeatable one-off and you should check into it immediately if satisfaction and the British rock and blues spectrum mean anything at all to you . . .

MICK WALL

JOHN McCOY: an unrepeatable one-off?

GREG KIHN
'Citizen Kihn'
(EMI America EJ 24 0303 1)
KK½

GREG KIHN says he wants to be remembered as the composer of some classic rock 'n' roll songs. But don't expect to find any on this rather limp and lifeless item kiddiewinkies, because you'll be disappointed.

The current single from 'Citizen Kihn', 'Lucky', is an honest representation of the album, I think. It's a reasonable song and one which I've enjoyed on the trannie without being bowled over by it; it's nothing to get all hot 'n' sticky about.

'Free Country' is about the nearest Kihn gets to good ol' r'n'r. Others like 'I'm In Love Again', 'Go Back' and 'They Rock By Night' are all a touch bland for my liking, while 'Imitation Love' is just plain drab, 'Temper, Temper' is about as angry as a kitten and 'Good Life' sadly fails to lift the album to anything like a memorable finish.

Kihn's best moments arrive within a seven minute period on *Side One*. 'Lucky' has obviously benefitted from its regular radio airings and 'Whenever' is a cool late-nite smoocheroonie that could well follow 'Lucky' into the singles charts given similar trannie-treatment.

Overall though, there's nothing particularly outstanding here on either the instrumental, vocal or songwriting front. I feat you've really got to be a GK fan before shelling out for 'Citizen Kihn', because I can't see it converting you.

MARK PUTTERFORD

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

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FROM PAGE 13

PRINCE: uh-oh, it's that man again . . .

World Events

PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION
'Around The World In A Day'
(WEA 925286-1)
KKKK

"ALL THANKS 2 God" – Prince And The Revolution.

ALL THANKS to 'Purple Rain', all you can carry to the supreme publicity campaign that has turned this black boogaloo wild boy they call Prince into an argument everybody's got an opinion on, and all because the ladies like black magic . . .

All thanks to an unnerving quixotic talent for songwriting, guitar playing, singing, arrangement, production and enormous and imaginative self-hype, Prince is an enigma right-thinking holy rollers without too much monkey-jism flooding their cerebal circuits continue to find endlessly fascinating, like sex, like good rock, like all friendly addictions; incurable.

Let's start at the very end. The track is 'Temptation' and Prince is talking to God, laying it on the line with his guitar, his animal howls, his inane space-age poetry, and God is not amused:

"OOHHHWWEEE OOOEERRRUUGGH OH TEMPTATION . . . I'M TALKING ABOUT UUHHH . . . SEXUAL TEMPTATION!" – Prince and his wicked guitar.

"HOOWWLLL!!" – the sax.

"OH DARLING, I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE WETNESS BETWEEN YOU!" – Prince.

"OH SILLY MAN, THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS! YOU HAVE TO WANT IT FOR THE RIGHT REASONS!!" – God.

"I DO . . ." – Prince.

"YOU DON'T. NOW DIE!!!" – God.

"NNNOOOOO!!!" – Prince screaming (poor thing).

Yeah, awright, let's take it back to track one, Side Two: 'America'. More Sly Stone than Rick James and never in a million encores remotely like big baad Jimi in his prime or in his decline, this is Prince dancing and enchanting with his rough funk guitar shuffle; it couldabin a 'Purple Rain' out-take and it couldabin a neat '1999' B-side, but of course it ain't any of those things. It's great, it's a total grooove, and the only drawback is that there ain't one damn thing about it I haven't heard him do before.

*So, s**t, let's stay positive for a second and take a righteous gander in the direction of 'Paisley Park' – a quasi-mutant guitar that sounds like George Harrison on acid and a whimsical, obviously surrealist, pop-trot through Paisley Avenue located in a giant bottle situated somewhere over the purple rainbow – it sounds like George Martin and the Beatles on a 48 hour comedown; snakelike and soft-porn and, oh, sinister . . . 'The Ladder' – Prince's heavily conceptual totem also reproduced as album sleeve pop-art for the cover – which sounds more like the mighty one's version of Bing Crosby's 'White Xmas' . . . like, great, but yuk . . .!*

*'Pop Life' and 'Tambourine' enjoyed the same one-parent mother-fixated-family, and are both cooled-out ice-blue funk-rock cruisers with plastic wings flapping from their pink-socked ankles. You get my drift? Nooo? Aw, it's that kind of moonage daydream, this album . . . I wish I had a month to get acquainted with it, but I don't, and, s**t, I don't know whether it's purest bulls**t or the swiftest kind of genius. It's too indulgent to beg too many conceits from my vain critique.*

So what are the answers I should be giving you? Uh, is it as good (bad?!) as 'Purple Rain'? Well, it might be better, but it ain't as likeable.

Is it rock? What kind of question is that? It's Prince . . . all thanks to . . .

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 16

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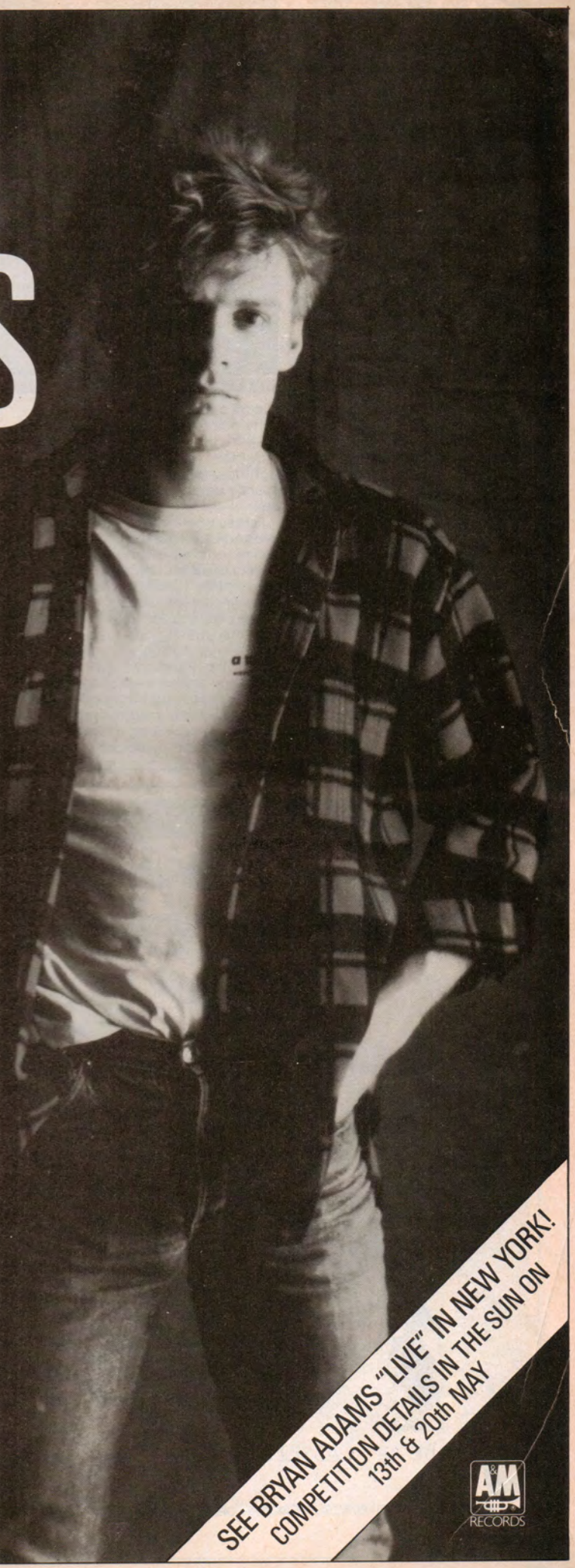

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A&M RECORDS

FROM PAGE 14

ROGUE MALE
'First Visit'
(Music For Nations MFN 40)
KKKK

MEET THE medicine man, a regulator, governor, processor of spiritualistic power, a man of slender character.

Now introduce him to the machine maker, a man skilled in the manipulation of related parts.

Remote from either is another man, a beast of confused purpose. He is a product of both, yet has no belonging. Obviously male, he is wild, an animal of savage temper. He lives alone and away from the herd, the family and their teachings. He is ROGUE MALE.

Look, I know it's kinda hip to have these weird head trips, sort of obligatory in fact, but the moment I caught sight of the Rogue Male LP sleeve I started hallucinating. The problem is, this album isn't just another Heavy Metal release, it's far more complicated than that – it actually explores the whole concept of advanced imagery. Not that I really wanted to drag this out here and now, but the reality is that Rogue Male have grasped a facet of conceptualism that really hasn't been documented successfully since, well, since Hendrix cut 'Axis Bold As Love' and Blue Oyster Cult made 'Tyranny And Mutation'. It's in this amalgam of visual and aural abstraction that Rogue Male succeed most directly and convincingly. They are extreme, out on a limb and crawling along the spine of a new horizon, a new significance. Rogue Male are exactly what you want them to be.

JIM LYTTLE: 'so strange, so resolute, so Rogueish . . .'

I close one eye and Rogue Male become a fearful terrorising heavy rock band spewing out sheets of violent noise. Guitarist John Fraser Binnie (last seen with Dirty Tricks) disposes rudimentary solos in favour of lethal twisted howls – listen carefully and you'll detect the difference, the magic, the coldness, the notes that appear and disappear without rhyme or reason. It's like a nightmare, a twisted horror story, a tale taken to no conclusion, logically insane and clinically inanimate.

I close both eyes and become lost in another world of elaborate puzzles and troubled minds: frontman/rhythm guitarist Jim Lyttle's world. The combination of Fraser Binnie's incessant drive and Lyttle's stories drags trust out of the nursery and into the gutters. This man's life must have been hell, perpetual suffering; the lyrics can't possibly be anything but based on reality. There's just too much conviction, too much purpose, too much corruption for them to be anything else. He sings with a rasped drawl that could be related to Lemmy's, but should really be compared to names like Roger Chapman and Joe Cocker . . . maybe even Lee ('Wanderin' Star') Marvin. And he looks so strange, so resolute, so Rogueish . . .

I open my eyes and I'm confronted with a visual explanation that sends me back into the dark. That album cover: it's just too perverse, too repugnant to even think about, better to just play the damn record. Better to just punch the air to the hook of 'Look Out' and the deformed, twisted sentiments of the band's first single 'All Over You' *('Shoot my load all over you'!)*. This latter cut is the showpiece, lasting for six-and-a-half minutes, feeding off every punk/thrash/Metal/glam progression borrowed from the Stooges/the Dolls/MC5/Alice Cooper/Generation X/the Clash/the Pistols/Sabbath/Rose Tattoo/Mott/Motörhead . . . it's so endless, so persistent. A conflict of interests? No way, it's a defined style, almost entirely unique and totally consistent with the fast rising hardcore movement beloved so much by our dear friends the *NME* – they'll never be able to handle Rogue Male, an infringment of their wildest tastes!

Returning to normality isn't possible after experiencing Rogue Male. The plausible existence of nine-to-five life becomes frankly absurd! Best to roam the streets, select your victims carefully and always rely on self-belief. Don't ever trust or place your life in the hands of the medicine man, nor the machine maker, just plead guilty and die with your boots on.

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DEREK OLIVER

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(CLAY LP 15)
KKKK½

WHEN WAS the last time a rock album offered you – yes, YOU, dear reader – a challenge?

In today's disposable rock world, it makes a pleasant change to come across a band which makes you think. Demon do just that.

With 'British Standard Approved', Demon are cementing their stand as an album band. Yes, it IS another concept album, but this time the message isn't so emphatic, the imagery so shattering and the emotions so distinct. On the face of it, it would seem to be drawing a sad, patriotic parallel between the 'great' ship Titanic and the sinking of the British Empire. But the fact that the illustrated ship on the sleeve bears no name is symbolic that this is a profound project open to individual interpretation and personal parallels.

Almost as sad as guitarist Mal Spooner's death seven days after completing this album (as reported recently in *Mayhem*) was the fact that his writing partnership with singer Dave Hill was just developing the potency of Roger Waters, and in many ways this could well be a Floyd album.

'Wonderland' is the only instantly catchy song on show, but while the rest of the material needs time to grow on you, it does get through in the end. There's no weak link in the web of intrigue. MARK PUTTERFORD

AUTOGRAPH: radio ON!

AUTOGRAPH
'Sign In Please'
(RCA PL 89495)
KKKK

DON'T LET the tacky monicker put you off, coz surprisingly enough 'Sign In Please' is a delightful slice of upmarket AOR alloy-Metal mayhem.

First, take five seasoned campaigners: Steve Plunkett – vocals/guitar (ex-Silver Condor), Randy Rand – bass (ex-Lita Ford), Keni Richards – drums (ex-the Coup), Steve Isham – keyboards (ex-Holly Penfield, measurements pronto please Mr Suter!) and Steve Lynch – axepert extraordinare who, believe it or not, is a teacher of katchy riffs at the 'Guitar Institute Of Technology'.

Now you've got your band of supergroup session men together, get them to hang out at the Troubador Klub in Los Angeles and the chances are they'll probably bump into someone like Dave Lee Roth. He in turn will offer them a gig on a Van Halen tour. And, then if you're really lucky, a top A&R man will be at one of these gigs and before you can scream "Mine's a pint" the band will have landed 'emselves a mega deal. Believe it or not kidz, this is exactly what happened to Autograph.

Now, if yer likes your rock hard but klean kut at the same time, then the chances are you'll probably be an Autograph hunter. The real star is frontman Steve Plunkett. You gotta hear this guy's voice – we're talkin' a gargle of 'Listerine' before each kut. Honest guv, Plunkett has the gruffest larynx this side of Danny Joe Brown!

Autograph first came to my attention on my last visit to the States. I had MTV on with the sound down (yeah, it's that bad), but then I caught a glimpse of something rather special – a sci-fi video for the Autograph track 'Turn Up The Radio'. A robotic hand (as featured on the album kover) signs the band in, and they come out of the other end with one of the katchiest songs I've heard in eons. '. . . Radio' has already made a serious dent in the American charts, and if the 'Saturday Superstore' panel could pull their fingers out and review the video, then Autograph could have a hit here too.

The only reason this unit doesn't get five Special Ks is simply because Steve Lynch's guitar is never really allowed to shine through; maybe Plunkett was frightened that his oh-so-perfect vocals would be drowned. Only once, and that was on 'Nineteen And Non-Stop', could I detect some real scorchin' riffs from ol' Lynchy.

Yeah, this is great music to do the accounts or the ironing to – ouch! I just burnt meself! I must stop using the iron as an axe!

XAVIER RUSSELL

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Got You Under My Wheels

. . . of steel, that is. HOWARD JOHNSON sighs with relief as BIFF BYFORD promises a return to basics for SAXON

D'KNOW, IT'S *good* to hear his voice again! Nah, he ain't splitting my sides with his speciality Yorkshire banter. He's not recounting the problems involved in stuffing fruit down his infamous silver spandex strides! He's not even laying down the law on bikes, birds and booze . . . but still, it's good to hear Biff's voice!

Saxon have been quiet for far too long and over a particularly tinny overseas cable to Munich, where the band are currently recording their noo album, it's not exactly blowing the decibelometer! But at least we know that the band are there!

You'll no doubt be aware that Saxon have been undergoing delicate surgery to cut off a malignant cancer for nigh on 12 months! Yup, it's those good ol' record company problems, this time with *Carrere*.

"When we came back from the States in May it really was time to sort out our problems with *Carrere*," recounts a particularly sombre Biff. "There were all kinds of things going on that would be too complicated and boring to tell you about.

"So we terminated the contract last May. They fought it until about two months ago, when we finally won the case for good."

And other labels were quick to take the bull by the horns:

"Well, being a major band, we were in demand, y'know! So we talked to a lot of companies but we'd always fancied *EMI*, 'cos they'd taken a look at us right at the start of our career, and we're really happy we signed to them now."

And so to the album. Now a lot of people thought that last year's 'Crusader' was perfunctory poppycock (I thought it was all right actually, guv'nor!) and I get the feeling that a hand-on-heart Biff believes it was below par!

"Yeah, we're here to make the kind of album that we're good at making, not an album that's done to break certain markets, if you know what I mean!

"So it's back to what made us famous in the first place, great steaming HM music!"

Teutonic tremblings, eh?

"Well, yeah! We certainly didn't wanna record in the States, or more to the point, we didn't want an American producer. We don't record in the UK 'cos of the tax situation, so we looked at three studios in Europe and chose Union because it was the best of 'em!"

And production wise?

"Oh, we're using Simon Hanhart, who's worked with Marillion. He's not done a lot of production work, but he's into good sounds and he's into the band, so I reckon he's gonna become a top-line producer. We've just booked early!"

And Saxon seem to be having a ball back in the saddle.

"It's great. We're back to the real songs, coupled with modern technology, digital recordings and so on. We've blown the bass drivers twice and the guy from *EMI* got a lobotomy when he heard some rough mixes, ha ha!

"We haven't thought about an album title yet, but a couple of ideas are to name it after songs we've got, either 'Give It Everything You've Got' or 'Everybody Up', which is our token porn song! Ha ha ha!" Peals of laughter again.

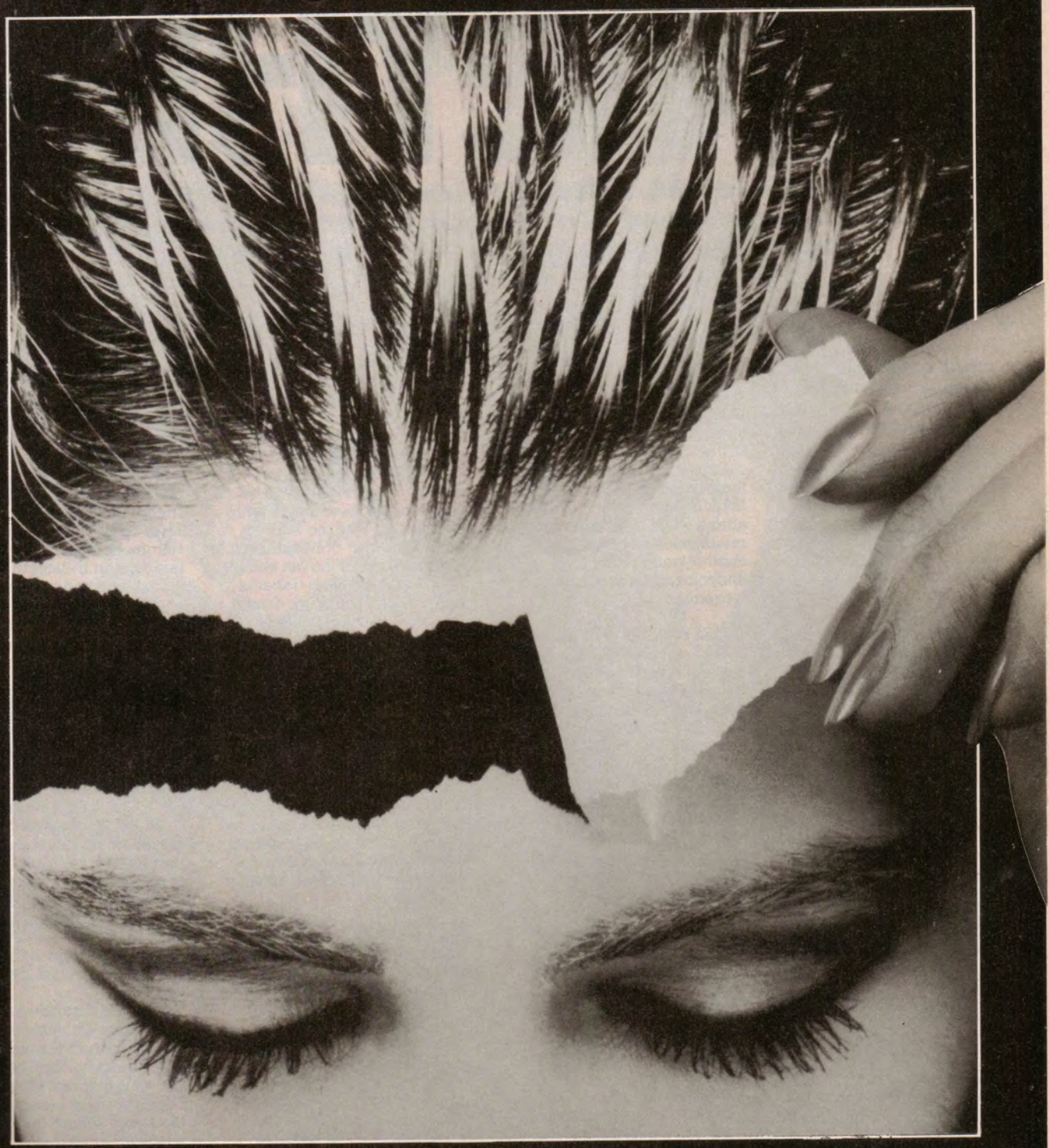
"We've got some great rabble rousin' material, like 'Back On The Streets', which may be the first single, 'Broken Heroes', which is our traditional epic number, 'Devil Rides Out', 'Live Fast, Die Young', 'Race From Hell' and 'Rockin' Again', which could also be a single.

"We expect to be releasing the album in July, but a single will be taken from the masters as soon as we can finish the necessary track."

With a European tour presently being booked, likely to reach the UK in September, Saxon seem very much out of the wilderness and back in business.

BIFF (left): "We're here to make the kind of album that we're good at making, not an album that's done to break certain markets."

THE PROMISE



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HAPPY TOGETHER

GARY MOORE and PHIL LYNOTT (both pictured right) have patched up their past differences and joined forces again to record an excellent new single, 'Out In The Fields'. Report by DEREK OLIVER

THERE was a time, back in my schoolboy daze, when the notion of Gary Moore one day becoming a mega platinum guitar star would have made me choke on my nutburger.

'Twas around 1973, and at that time our man Moore was less of a flash, tight-strided show-off HM'er and more of an introverted guitar technician akin to John McLaughlin, Peter Green and Steve Hillage.

Later, as part of Colosseum II, Moore would tax his virtuosity to such extremes that the resultant cacophony was *so avant garde* that even confirmed jazz buffoons found it difficult to grasp! Thank God, then, for the appearance of one Phil Lynott, a slightly crazed sparring chum from Moore's earliest Irish days, who enticed him into Thin Lizzy to replace Brian Robertson and who, in my view, injected a real sense of purpose into Moore's astonishing aptitude for peeling out fast licks and devastating powerchords.

Moore had played with Lizzy previously, during the period when the band switched from *Decca* to *Vertigo*, and he saw this reunion as an excellent chance to reach a new, potentially lucrative, audience.

Although the restrictions of fusion and jazz rock might have made Moore a satisfied man musically, there is, in every artist, the desire to reach out and touch as many people with your talent as possible. And for Moore, after years spent as a musician's musician, rejoining Lizzy seemed the ideal opportunity to blend both technicality and power into one wholesome bag. And it nearly worked, too!

However, Irish temperament being what it is, problems quickly ensued. Lizzy promptly cut the somewhat disappointing 'Black Rose' LP, toured Europe and then flew to America for an important headlining tour. But trouble was brewing between Lynott and Moore. Eventually, after one particularly nasty row, Moore packed his suitcase and fled the Lizzy entourage, leaving the band stranded between gigs with only Scott Gorham on guitar – which, for a band that specialised in the novelty of twin axework, was a disaster!

Subsequent interviews with the pair saw a fair amount of flack flying through the air. But after a while their acrimonious relationship became just another entry in the rock encyclopaedia and long forgotten.

LIZZY WENT on to flounder through the late '70s, and early '80s, never quite matching the potency and snarling bite of their earlier work until the brilliant 'Thunder And Lightning' LP. But by then it was too late.

Meanwhile Moore, flushed by chart success in his own name ('Parisienne Walkways'), laid the foundations of a solo career. He firstly formed the ill-fated G-Force project, which produced a solitary mediocre LP on *Jet Records*. Subsequent recordings were scrapped (although they appeared, much to Moore's disdain, in the '80s as part of *Jet's* 'Dirty Fingers' release). It wasn't until the man went out in his own name, signed to *Virgin* (and later to *10 Records, Virgin's* rock offshoot) and assembled a band containing the likes of Don Airey, Ian Paice, Neil Murray and John Sloman that he found commercial success.

But what about that old love-hate relationship with Phil Lynott? I mean, as time goes by, surely those old war wounds must have healed? And, knowing that secretly these two men actually have the highest regard for each other musically, surely it wouldn't be *that* long before one of them picked up the 'phone and accidentally dialed a wrong number . . . I should've known something was up!

Earlier in the year, I think it was backstage at Uli Jon Roth's Hammersmith Odeon gig, I met Gary Moore and casually enquired how his new LP was progressing. Fine, he said, but his main priority was working on a single to precede it. Yet what he didn't tell me, the cheeky bugger, was *who* he was actually recording it with! Couple that with the rather muted and non-committal inside information leaking out about Lynott's Grand Slam debacle and, really, I should've drawn the only logical conclusion . . .

At last, after almost half a decade apart, these two incredibly talented Irishmen had waved white hankies and called it a truce! And about time too. With Lynott's mega mighty lyrical talent (on a level, in my view, with Bruce Springsteen) wasting away propped up by the Heavy Metal dirge of Grand Slam and with Moore suffering chart failure with his best-ever song 'Empty Rooms', the time was never more right than now to join forces.

THE RESULTS of this timely reconciliation have proven to be quite exceptional, namely a single titled 'Out In The Fields', written by Moore but indelibly stamped with Lynott's immaculate, perfectly-timed vocal delivery. With supportive musicianship by keyboard player Andy Richards (famed, most notably, for his recent work with Frankie Goes To Hollywood) and drumming by Charlie Morgan (surprisingly, Nik Kershaw's skin beater!) this combination has brought about a record that will, I'm sure, place these two men back into the nation's singles chart where they rightfully belong.

So – how did this all come about?

"Well," says Phil Lynott, "over the years the arguments and stuff between Gary and myself fizzled away to nothing and for the most part we'd both forgotten all about it.

"We actually met up again in an airport. I was coming home from Dublin and Gary had come in from Germany. It was like a Western, everyone stood back like at the OK Corral! We just gave each other a hug and that was the end of that."

After cementing their friendship, it wasn't until the Lizzy farewell shows at Hammersmith Odeon and, late last year, in Ireland that the two actually played together. Gary had returned to Ireland for the first time in ten years and it was suggested that, for the Belfast dates and the benefit of a documentary video which was being shot, Gary should ask Phil to jam with him on stage. So they played together on 'Parisienne Walkways' and 'Stop Messin' Around' (a version of the latter can be found on the double pack 'Out In The Fields' single).

Those more cynical than myself might suggest that this partnership has been forged out of desperation. Lynott without a band or deal and Moore who failed to crack it with 'Empty Rooms' . . . both need each other's help to push them back into the charts and the public eye.

Lynott is disturbed at this suggestion and adopts a slightly serious mood. "It wasn't done out of desperation," he insists. "If I was desperate in any way, I'd reform Thin Lizzy, seeing as though everyone thinks that is what I'm *going* to do!"

'OUT IN The Fields', whilst being a strong hard rock song, benefits from the touch of modern recording technology. The sound is very sharp, bouncy and full, but there's a computer gloss too, something which might make it more appealing to radio programming. Was this a pre-meditated necessity?

Gary: "Well, frankly, you are

KONTINUES PAGE 25

The • N

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HAPPY

FROM PAGE 20

relying on the powers that be at *Radio One*, and without them on your side, you've had it. The singles market moved away from the use of guitars, but now I think there's been a bit of a backlash, whereby anything that's remotely heavy and has a commercial tune stands a good chance of being a hit. I mean, just look at the success of Bryan Adams, Billy Ocean and Bruce Springsteen."

Phil: "Let's face it, Heavy Metal was becoming bland. *We* know there's different guitar players and different singers, but if you were a casual listener, the sound is pretty stagnant. In that sense, I think 'Out In The Fields' will definitely succeed."

The '. . . fields' doublepack also contains 'Military Man' (an old Grand Slam song, written by Phil) and that balladic chestnut 'Still In Love With You'. Why that particular song again?

"Well, it's a long story," offers Phil, "but basically it was written and recorded when Gary was in Lizzy. As you know, it's Gary's version on the LP, but Robbo used to get all the credit for it, so I thought it was always an injustice. By doing an updated version, it sort of balances things out. We've changed it around a bit, given it a dance beat and thrown in some modern sounding keys . . . I think it sounds great!"

When Lizzy split, Lynott embarked on his Grand Slam project. Lately, various rumours have filtered through the music biz grapevine to the effect that the band has split, and not under the most pleasant of circumstances, either . . .

"Well, the band *has* folded," confirms Phil. "Basically, we were stuck for a deal. Companies were sniffing around us but they weren't actually putting anything in front of us to sign, then we ran out of cash."

A lot of critics were giving Lynott flack, saying that Grand Slam was merely a cheap clone of Lizzy.

"I couldn't see it at the time, but in retrospect I *can* see the faults now. I was just so keen to get a band together, play smaller clubs and make sure that my ego wasn't that inflated. It was very important to me just to prove that point.

"It took a year to wind up Lizzy and during that time I really got scared, like, what am I gonna do? My marriage and private life was going through a tough time and I felt that by getting back on the road it would help me to re-adjust.

"I've just got a deal with *Polydor* for my solo LP and now I'm feeling quietly confident about my future, whereas before I had that instability and uncertainty to handle."

TELL ME Phil, what might we expect from your solo LP?

"I'm planning to spend a lot of time writing, but I won't be employing a band to record it. I'm going to find players to suit the songs rather than songs to suit the musicians. I've already got a few people lined up like drummer Tony Thompson (of recent Power Station fame) and John Sykes and Gary says he'll help out. After the album comes out, I'll promote it on the road.

"The trouble with me is that I always expect too much from myself, and that's the killer. Songwriting has only come to me after years of hard work and when things aren't working out, you tend to get a little paranoid."

"You've always got to bring the best out of yourself," interrupts Gary. "It's yourself who sets the standards and if you don't satisfy yourself, then basically you might as well pack it in.

"You can't repeat the past, though. 'Empty Rooms' is very personal. It wasn't written because I felt sorry for myself, it was something I went through at one time – something that everyone goes through at one stage or another."

"Writing songs is a bit of an art form," offers Phil. "If you do a masterpiece where everything's written, played and recorded right, you can never repeat it."

Phil, would you ever reform Thin Lizzy?

"There aren't any plans on the cards and I'll be the first to state that if you see Thin Lizzy being reformed, it *will* be a thing of desperation, just for money or for nostalgia only."

After 'Out In The Fields' is released Gary Moore will be starting work on his next LP with a provisional release date set for September. As yet his band, now with Glenn Hughes on bass and vocals, as well as rhythm guitarist/vocalist/keyboardsman Neil Carter, still lacks a drummer (Paul Thompson has now departed) but as soon as this vacant spot is filled, he'll start recording immediately – the songs having already been written.

"The rhythms are a little bit different this time around. I'm trying to get away from the dirgey straight ahead stuff that I always use; it's a bit more uplifting. Mind you, you won't hear it down the disco, I've gotta be careful about getting too wimpy!"

Might this Moore/Lynott relationship continue in the future?

"I think so," chuckles Phil with one eye looking at Gary. "I'm sure, if this single is successful, there'll be pressure on both of us to work together again. You can't ignore the fact that everything we've worked on in the past has turned out really well and the atmosphere this time around is much more relaxed."

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MALCOLM DOME rides roughshod over *Channel 4*'s HM TV show 'ECT'

TIME IN the media long ago learnt that you can't please *most* of the public for even a *fraction* of the time. Consequently, I just hate to launch any criticism against a new project, particularly one specifically designed to fill a long acknowledged void in the market, *ie* a television programme aimed at the Heavy Metal audience.

Certainly when *Channel 4* launched 'ECT', HM *aficionados* across the country could scarcely believe their luck. At long, long last we had *our* TV show. But the reality has been a bitter pill to swallow.

The format of four bands playing live within a restricted time scale of just 40 minutes is, in itself, rather worrying. Quite honestly, how can anyone reasonably expect even an experienced act to show off their wares to maximum effect over a rapid fire ten minutes or *less* ?!

Moreover, this type of 'total live' approach precludes other worthy areas of presentation: where are the promotional video clips? Where is the archive material? Where are the interviews? Where is the news? And, more to the point, where are the major names on the bill?

BUT IT goes beyond such superficial moans. For the presentation of the programme itself has a distinct 'couldn't give a damn' amateur air about it. The sound quality and camera angles are appalling, leaving most bands who have appeared on 'ECT' very much in the dog house.

Even such impressive acts as Shy, Warrior and Waysted came across as rather poor, *cliché*-strung, ham-fisted clodhoppers.

The fact is that 'ECT' has done HM no favours whatsoever. Indeed, it has only served to compound the *genre*'s unrelentingly abysmal and comic reputation to the public-at-large.

My main concern is that by using this prime-time slot in such a slovenly and lazy fashion, *Keefco Productions* (the company responsible for generating 'ECT') have probably done HM irreparable damage.

After all, *Channel 4* has been good enough to give the *genre* a chance to speak for itself and all 'ECT' has done is provide tongue-tied evidence that there's much still to be learnt about the best way to put over HM in an audio-visual package.

I can't help wondering if, given 'ECT's failure, we'll get another chance to put things right in the near future.

SCENES FROM the first 'ECT' programme: the Lords Of The New Church in the midst of the – admittedly impressive – studio set . . .

. . . LEMMY IN formal attire . . .

. . . AND MADAM X bringing up the rear

Pix Peter Mountain/LFI

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ROGUE'S GALLERY

With their debut album 'First Visit' unleashed and on release, LAURA CANYON reels before the 'tough and propulsive, hefty and raw, fast and furious' power of ROGUE MALE.
Pix FIN COSTELLO

IF YOU bumped up against Jim Lyttle in the tube during rush hour, you'd emerge with an Airtex jacket, a complexion like Bryan Adams.

But we're four feet apart, me and his shoulder-and-waist-and-wrist studs, me and his long, red, wispy hair with the impertinent spike at the front, separated by an enormous office table. Jim's cup of coffee's on it, so's Johnny Fraser Binnie's cup of tea; he's even further away, a good perspective to admire the black leather, the bullet belt.

I feel like I'm interviewing them for a job.

They'd get it.

IN THE big stew which is British HM you still find among the dumplings the occasional chunks of meat.

Sometimes you find something that's sincere and addictive, tough and propulsive, hefty and raw, fast and furious but with rhythm and soul, something that seems to dangle its influences before you – Thin Lizzy, AC/DC, Motörhead, Priest, Clash – only to snatch them away before you can grab hold.

Something like Rogue Male.

KONTINUES OVER PAGE

JIM LYTTLE: "It's real gut energy and that's it, fk the posing and 'your make-up's gonna run' . . ."**

***ROGUE MALE** (from left): Steve Kingsley, Jim Lyttle, John Fraser Binnie, Kevin Collier*

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"WILD BEAST living apart from the herd and of savage temper," that's my English dictionary definition of 'Rogue Male'. Same thing in the American one, only change the accent and substitute "vicious" for "savage".

Jim Lyttle says it's his favourite of all the names he's had for bands. But not too appropriate – there's anger in there, propulsion, but not viciousness (they're soft-spoken, these two, a bit reticent if anything, no bloodshot spluttering about other bands, no nasty threats of what they'll do to groupies) and they seem very much part of the herd, socially-conscious, aware of their roots.

Strange men indeed: a band that writes lines like "*We don't want another war*" but wears camouflage and bullets.

He's a frontman who talks about voting Ecology Party but wears fur and dead black cow, whose voice has traces of Lynott and Lemmy but who hates ligging, doesn't like drugs, whose idea of a love song is a pounding track about a girl shooting her cheating man and his lover, yet who talks about supporting the Greenham women if he wasn't "such a lazy c**t". In fact, he talks about just about everything except the usual sex-drugs-road-spin-the-bottle (supposedly) typical HM airhead stuff.

So who are Rogue Male?

JIM LYTTLE, vocals and songwriting. Johnny Fraser Binnie, lead guitar. Steve Kingsley, drums. Kevin Collier, bass.

Jim's from Belfast, Johnny's a fellow Celt, the other two are "foreigners", Chigwell and Burton-on-Trent respectively.

"I started this band in 1977, '78," says Jim, who does most of the talking.

"I've changed the name each time with each line-up. I've always had the Rogue Male name – I've got a list of names. Rogue Male was the favourite, so I saved it till the right line-up. And this is the first right line-up.

"I won't say what the other names were, because what happened in the past is irrelevant to what's happening now.

"It was a different line-up every week, which was s**t. Trying to get the people motivated – it's ridiculous!

"I couldn't believe how bad the standard was. The musicianship was embarrassing – name people, a lot of name people – I won't name them but they know who they are.

"This is the first line-up where the guys know what's happening. It's real gut energy and that's it, f**k the posing and 'your make-up's gonna run'.

Before, I didn't get off on it at all. This is the first time I've got off. That's why we've been signed up, because it's working."

The most recent line-up change was a few weeks back, when Kevin Collier joined.

"We saw a lot of people and we just knew that he was the one, right from the very first minute he walked in the room."

Steve's been with them two years, "after several different drummers who were like a waste of time. He's simple, solid, he has the stamina. He's the only drummer who can stand the pace, and I've had name drummers, after four songs they were wrecked!"

Johnny and Jim have known each other a few years and wound up rehearsing in the same studio at the end of last year.

"We got to know each other a bit and we got on really well together as people," says Johnny. "And I was listening through the wall, like – 'that's a bit tasty!' – and he'd be coming to see some of my gigs when I was in another band. I think we both knew that we wanted to get something together, but at the time I was still into a loyalty thing."

"Until the night," Jim picks up the story, "that our guitarist didn't turn up and I asked him to come down for a blast and that was it. It was great – there was blood everywhere! Our hands were cut to shreds, hitting them on the guitars and stuff, and it's running all down the sides of our hands. It was so good! We just seemed to know – we just shouted out the chords and it just happened, like that. To me it was like, this is *magic*. And Johnny joined that night and that was it.

"NONE OF us are great musicians. It's just the way it happens is – *good*. OK, Johnny is a good guitar player, I've got to give credit where credit is due" – listen to the angry, sawing axework in 'On The Line', the relentless attack in 'Get Off My Back' – "but the rest of us, we're all right, we're good at what we do," but they're not trying to stun you with musical virtuosity.

"I don't know anything about music. I don't know the names of the chords or anything. He," pointing at Johnny, "tells me what they are."

"That's probably," mutters his sidekick, "how I got the job."

So what is it they've got, then? Not something they've really thought about.

"The reason Rogue Male are different from any other band? It's got nothing to do with the fact we're Celts, or maybe it has. I think it is because we're genuinely into what we're doing and not involved to pose for anybody or because heavy music is in or anything. I don't think we've ever thought about trying to be commercial, but I think we might be anyway," Jim laughs, "by chance, because there's a feel in the band that a lot of the HM bands haven't got, which is a real sort of *groove*."

"I don't think we've ever thought about trying to be commercial, but I think we might be anyway, by chance, because there's a feel in this band that a lot of HM bands haven't got . . . a real sort of groove . . ." – Jim Lyttle

"You can actually dance to it if you want," Johnny tells me.

"It's got a strong beat," says Jim, "because I like dancing. I hate this thing where people say that HM, or whatever you want to call it, is empty-head music – I listen to a lot of stuff and it's just as empty as HM. There's good HM, there's good punk, there's good rock, jazz, whatever. I like everything that's good.

"I like R&B, punk, rock, HM – I don't like the megadeath s**t, the Venom thing; I like AC/DC, but then again I call that heavy R&B – to me that's not HM, it's just raw rhythm."

"NEITHER CLAIM any one influence, just various songs from various bands that meant something to them at some point, "like 'Mustang Sally' by Wilson Pickett, I'll never forget that," says Jim, "because the groove in that song's great."

What about Lizzy, Motörhead, Clash?

"A lot of people say we sound like this and that, but it's such a contrast it's ridiculous! We've been told we sound like the Damned, like AC/DC , the Clash, Judas Priest, Thin Lizzy, who else? ZZ Top – I never listen to ZZ Top, to be quite honest, except for that 'Eliminator' album and that's quite recent – and we don't sound like any of them. I can't see the connection at all."

Probing into his background doesn't help much; Jim's tight-lipped about previous bands though he's been in many ("Nothing ever happened," he says of them, and Rogue Male's "my first band"). Johnny goes along. But he was "into punk" at one point, to the extent of being in a punk band. Which could have something to do with lyrics like the ones in 'Unemployment' or 'On The Line', angry and abrasive and with something to say.

"Yeah, well I'm not into the blood-and-guts side of it, the Devil-worship thing, I'm into what's happening on the street and this s**t that we're having to suffer. If there's anything I can do, this is my way of saying it, Ban The Bomb and stuff like that. I'd like to support all those females," the CND protesters, "and stuff like that, I'd like to do more, but," Jim laughs, "I'm such a lazy c**t! I think songs have got to have a story – like 'Dressed Incognito' is a story, it's a love story, not that I write many love songs but that's how I write one! 'Unemployment' is about unemployment, obviously. I hate all that s**t of there's somebody ruining our lives and we can't do anything about it."

Does he think rock, especially heavy rock, can change things?

"Yes – it did. It was heading that way in the '70s, and then arseholes at the top had to wipe it out, that's what happened. I think rock people should really stick together – they've got the media and they've got the capability to do it, so I think they should come out and say a lot more, definitely."

Only as soon as you get a few quid in your pocket, used to the odd luxury in life, your perspectives change.

"No! I'll never change. A *million* quid won't make no difference to me. I've never voted for anyone but the left and I never will unless there's a real radical change in the direction of the whole system. We've all got the same things in common, we all want to live, we all want to be happy, we all want to make love, we all want to eat and the rest of it. So I can't understand why we can't do that.

"With all that sort of crap hanging around, the only thing that makes me happy is playing."

"AND COME summer they'll be playing with Mötley Crüe – in the States, where they've been snapped up by major label (they're on *Music For Nations* over here) *Elektra*.

"Musically I don't think we sound like Mötley Crüe, but at least they got a bit of energy," says Jim, agreeing with his guitarist that it's hard to find the right sort of band to send a group like Rogue Male out on tour with. As to the Crüe's image, "I'm not really into it, the make-up and stockings. I think men should look like men!"

Even if they've got nice legs?

"Even if they've got nice legs."

And the lifestyle?

"They think they're doing the great rock and roll thing, living the great rock and roll 'lifestyle' – I call it s**t."

Not into live-fast-die-young then?

"No, I like fast bikes, fast cars, wheeling about on a motorbike, but as far as drugs and all that s**t's concerned, go ahead and kill yourself, I'm alright sitting at home watching TV! I like females," Jim laughs, "but I'm not into drugs. I like a smoke now and again just to relax. None of us are into drugs. I've tried a few and I don't know what all the fuss is about. And I don't like to drink all that much – OK, now and again we get pissed, but not every bloody night.

"We still like a laugh, I just don't like this ligging thing, I don't like falseness, you go out drinking and everybody's like 'oh darling' – it's all bulls**t as far as I'm concerned; they're only nice to you if you're happening!

"We're not doing it to pose for anybody – we're doing it because we enjoy doing it. It makes us feel happy and hopefully it'll make other people feel happy as well."

They say they'll play where anyone wants to hear them, but have no intention of turning their backs on Britain to go for megastardom in the States.

"I'd really like to get across to everyone it's not like a sell-out thing," says Jim of the American deal. "We didn't sell out in like being told what to do, because everything on that contract is what I said. It's because I've been hanging around for five years, trying to get something together, and we've been offered deals before that were s**t, and I thought 'I'm not going to be made a c**t out of by these people . . .' So I just stuck to it and it's paid off."

"IF THEY do stick by what they said, Rogue Male's going to wind up one hell of a band. They're serious but not studied, fun but not stupid, and most of all they're *real*. But hell, what would *they* say if they were rock writers?

"It's not pretentious in any way," says Jim. "It's fun music for people to have fun to without any bulls**t attached to it."

"There's a basic raw energy I think that people are going to enjoy because it's honest and powerful. I think that's what people are going to get out of Rogue Male," says Johnny. "That's what I get out of it."

HELL AWAITS

Whatever 'Possessed' DEREK OLIVER to traverse the Atlantic to join VENOM (CRONOS and ABADDON pictured right) in NEW YORK in the midst of the band's mucho troubled American tour? Read on . . .

I AM hurtling effortlessly high above the clouds towards Noo Yawk City on a mission of mercy, a trip of overwhelming importance, a crusade to the very heart of Heavy Metal. I shall soon come face to face with a nightmare, my worst ever fear: the loudest, crudest, most insensitive Metal chewing machine yet created, an organ that makes those early Black Sabbath albums seem openly attractive. And, of course, that can only mean . . . Venom.

Now I'm not pretending to be in love with this band's music, in actuality I'd rather spend an evening in the articulate company of a Verdi opera (how's that for wimphem?). However, for all my faults, I am a man of reason and this errand does, at the very least, represent an incredulous challenge. That and a chance to spend a few days in New York to lig and swig with the best of them!

As we land, I am a man prepared for an eventuality, an eventuality that actually turned out to be something of an eye-opener and decidedly productive!

But before I take you for a stroll around New York (Dickson style, with its peep show parlours, seedy 42nd Street, busy Times Square, the weirdly ethereal bag women, elephantine yet succulent pizzas and the body popping Hispanics working out on street corners), I think it might be wise to consider the controversy surrounding the 'Possessed' LP and the teething troubles on Venom's latest world tour. And in any case, I want to make *my* position quite clear.

AS FAR as most of the *Kerrang!* brigade are concerned, 'Possessed' is a fairly docile and unremarkable follow-up to the cataclysmic bombast of last year's mega mighty 'At War With Satan' opus. Indeed, even 'Beefy Boss' Barton, a man who has strangely praised the work of Metal Church and Grave Digger of late (he is obviously round the twist!), gave the album the thumbs down in issue 92 by awarding it a paltry *single* K.

And that's from a man who has championed these decibel demolishers, in the face of humiliating ridicule, from their earliest inception! "There's no way they can defend that," said Barton firmly, whilst pointing to his crumpled copy of 'Possessed' as I strolled out of the new *Kerrang!* HQ to catch my flight. Strangely enough, I think the old man meant it too!

Elsewhere the feeling is equally as muted, but personally I think the LP is a step in the right direction. With the massive achievement (and I use the term with tongue in cheek!) of the 'At War . . .' saga the band had obviously got themselves into a high-pitched frenzy based on all this Satanic baloney and were stuck too far up a one-way street. Thankfully, common sense and musical ability prevailed and a U-turn has been accomplished with the boys returning to a more tolerable form of masochism.

Shorter, sharper and produced (by stalward Keith Nichol at Moor Hall in Sussex and Impulse Studios in Wallsend) to more brainy standard, 'Possessed', in parts, actually kicks some serious melody! And I'm not jesting either, as the hookline in 'Flytrap' and the guitar riff in 'Hellchild', to name but two examples, will certainly testify. The sharp-witted amongst you might shout 'cop-out', but elsewhere there's enough brain boiling Metal bravado and pulverising power to baby batter even the most hardened cynic to the floor. Having actually witnessed the whole concern live (in the raw at NY's Studio 54), I can report that absolutely no compromise has been made whatsoever – except for the obvious logistical cutbacks in venues too small to handle the complete 'Possessed' stage show. But that's a story in itself . . .

Oh indeed, the chronicle of disaster to befall the latest Venom crusade isn't a pleasant tale to relate.

The first inkling of trouble occurred shortly before the band were due to fly out to Canada when guitarist Mantas fell seriously ill with a mixture of glandular fever and chicken pox. Scheduled shows were immediately postponed for two weeks (the gap between the Canadian and American dates effectively reduced to zero), but Mantas' condition worsened, leaving the band with no option but to play the shows with stand-in guitarists, both local Newcastle lads, *viz* Les Cheetham (from Avenger) and Dave Irwin (Fist).

Couple this calamity with immigration hassles, last minute work permits for the new boys, and only 48 hours' rehearsal in Toronto, and you can understand why the Venom road show trundled off to a fairly subdued and severely dispirited start.

Nevertheless, the actual shows (all held in large 3,000-4,000 seaters, an indication of their popularity), proved to be real killers, drawing a remarkable reaction from both band (determined not to blow it) and audience, even though there had been literally no time to inform the fans of the line-up shuffle prior to the actual gigs themselves!

In Canada and America, Venom are *big* business. Saleswise, the 'Canadian Assault' semi-live platter, also reviewed by Geoff in issue 92 and afforded a much more enthusiastic KKK½ rating, looks like turning platinum (100,000 copies sold) even as I write and they've also been approached by *Polygram*, who distribute Venom product in Canada, for discussion regards signing to the label.

America proves a tiny bit more elusive, but the knowledge of signing the largest-ever licensing deal for an independent LP release (to *Combat Records* for a staggering $75,000 upfront!) and the fact that this tour of medium-sized venues is selling out very fast should ensure that the next notch on the ladder will be easily attained.

But back to New York, hotel lavatories, 3-D pictures of naked women, 'alternative' vegetarian restaurants in Greenwich Village and, of course, Venom.

I'VE BEEN flown out to New York not only to interview the band but also to witness them live, originally and hopefully with Mantas, at perhaps the most strangest (possibly prestigious) venues that this city has to offer – Studio 54.

Located in the heart of Manhattan, within vomiting distance of the Empire State Building, the club has just been opened as a rock venue with Venom the first band to play there. The venue itself shows the tell-tale signs of mis-management; it's decaying and in a generally dilapidated state, giving the impression that it's seen better days by a long shot. By the time Venom have played there, I surmise that even the foundations will have to be replaced . . . This is definitely a tricky one!

Mantas should have arrived in New York on my flight, ready to hitch up with the band and play the Studio 54 bash. However, although his illness has been overcome, he's the victim of a massive (and no doubt expensive) clerical balls-up instigated by HM Government over the whereabouts of his passport. In short, he's stranded back in Newcastle, biting his nails and pulling his plonker, unable to move whilst the rest of the band are faced with playing their most important gig to date with a stand-in line-up. Angry, frustrated and extremely harassed, the boys are noticeably edgy . . . and my interview, a confrontation of two opposites, has yet to materialise.

After soundchecking and being filmed by a posse of TV channels, the band, their manager Eric Cook and myself, retire to a restaurant where the serious talk gets underway . . .

Both Abaddon (drums) and Cronos (bass and *waaaugh!* vocals) compose themselves, order food randomly and won't sit still. They crack endless one-liner quips and seem happier with some utensil in their paws. Seem nervous too, but that's understandable. Oh, and anxious.

At some point I tell Cronos that I quite like the 'Possessed' LP. I tell him I like those tracks mentioned earlier . . . but not until I've told him in a roundabout way what's really on my mind, to wit, isn't he just another motorcycle man, another Metal mush mouth?

Let's make this easy. What were you like as a kid, Cronos?

"I was the kind of kid who used to nip round the back of the bike sheds and have a cigarette, run along the corrugated roof . . . that kind of

KONTINUES PAGE 34

Pic Peter Cronin

FROM PAGE 32

thing. Like a monkey, always running around.

"I wasn't into beatin' people up or anything like that, but I used to get into loads of fights. Originally, I came from London and my parents moved up to Newcastle, it was like the new kid in town situation. Then I started to make friends really quickly.

"I got into chicks really early. In fact, I screwed my first chick when I was ten years old in Junior School whilst in the craft room making a mosaic! I saw this chick and we just got it together, then I went home and told my parents . . . it seemed the natural thing to do!"

Did you fall in love with her?

"Not really. The only chick I could fall in love with is Kate Bush!"

Kate Bush?

"Yeah, I've got posters of her all over my walls. I love her, totally. I cried at her gig at the Sunderland Empire a few years ago, then walked home 30 miles with my head in the clouds!

"I actually met her at a record signing she did at the *Virgin* store in Newcastle. I took my dinner hour to shoot down there and stood in the queue but I had to get back, so I started running across people's heads to get to the front, then she kissed me. Maaan, it were fantastic!"

The ice has melted. Let's eat, drink and talk about 'Possessed', a step back into the 'Black Metal' battleground . . . or maybe a cop-out after 'At War . . .'?

ABADDON: "We figured that 'At War . . .' was a big, big jump and that we needed an album to re-establish our true objective. To sort of come back in with a lot of power, a lot of thrash. I guess in a way it's an answer to those people who were starting to say 'so you're only doing epics now'."

CRONOS: "'Possessed' was planned *before* the 'At War . . .' LP, in fact a lot of it was written at the time of the 'Black Metal' album. It was always planned to have a collection of shorter, punchier songs – that's the *real* direction of this band, we aren't a concept outfit whatsoever.

"We wrote 'At War . . .' because everyone said we could never do a concept song so we turned around and proved them wrong. We *can* play our instruments, we really aren't just your normal Metallica thrash, bang, bang Metal band."

INTERESTING. NOW whilst I wouldn't put Venom into the Toto school of polished professionalism, I would offer that 'Possessed' does indeed proffer a marked advance in quality musicianship and production.

"That's right," agrees Cronos, "it's because 'At War . . .' taught us so much. Now we've done that we know that we can play!"

"The drum sound was the big hassle," adds Abaddon. "We had to get out of *Neat*'s Impulse Studios cos it wasn't big enough. It was built at the time when the only people coming in were playing pianos and acoustic guitars – there's no live feel in there.

"The decision was made after listening to some bootleg tapes and hearing the size of the drum sound, that was the catalyst. We chose Moor Hall because a lot of other bands got such a big sound there, like Waysted and Paul Young. It's really worked out fine, a lot clearer and a lot more defined now."

I'm not too crazy about the 'Possessed' LP sleeve . . .

"Huh, you can't please everybody, a lot of people didn't like the gatefold 'At War . . .' cover," retorts Abaddon.

"'Possessed' hasn't turned out the way we wanted it to. It was gonna be another gatefold with these weird kids on the front, then when you opened it up, there'd be toys covered in blood and guts. The way it's turned out it doesn't tell the story the way it should and basically the reason for that is because the LP was rushed into the shops."

"Look," snaps Cronos suddenly, "if you think all this trouble we're suffering right now has anything to do with the way our business affairs are handled, then you've got it wrong.

"Basically, we're here to prove ourselves. We're here taking a lot of s**t that we normally wouldn't take just to let them see what we're capable of. Life isn't a bed of roses and we accept that. This is a young band with a big stage show and big ideas but we're also realistic about things."

What are Venom's ultimate aims? C'mon, I wanna know what all the blood, guts and noise is leading up to?

"Our aim," declares Abaddon, "is to be up there with the Deep Purples and the Van Halens and playing massive arenas! We wanna go out playing Ice Hockey stadiums, football stadiums, astrodomes!"

"Anything to do with Venom," adds Cronos with a snarl, "is there because we wanna become the biggest and best, simple as that. We've definitely got a future because we do the whole range of Heavy Metal – Speed Metal, Death Metal, Satanic stuff. *We* invented it and Venom will *improve* it. The whole idea about Venom is so bizarre! We'll either become the biggest or worst band of all time. Let's face it, we've got to do something."

But, and I don't wish to stifle your obvious enthusiasm, won't you eventually have to compromise in order to achieve that aim?

"Not in our music," emphasises the bassist. "The only compromise Venom will make is in the organisation surrounding us but, musically, we have the same attitude as the punk thing. I think we can bend people to accept us rather than us changing to suit them".

"The only chick I could fall in love with is Kate Bush. I love her, totally. I cried at her gig at the Sunderland Empire a few years ago, then walked home 30 miles with my head in the clouds!" – Cronos

Yeah, but look what happened to the punk movement, even that sold out in the end. I mean, look at the Clash these days.

ABADDON: "I know, and look at Motörhead too! If that happened to us, it'd be the day we'd turn around and say forget it. When we record something, we know it's got to kill you but it's also a case of us bending ears to our way of thinking. Kids who were into Judas Priest or Dio are coming to our gigs now, before they had no interest, so that must prove something".

What music influences you or, more specifically, what music do you listen to at home?

ABADDON: "I listen to stuff like Phil Collins. Imagine that! Imagine having a Phil Collins drum sound doing what I'm doing! Mind you, it's technically impossible because the whole thing is so condensed with distortion".

CRONOS: "I can't put anything down that someone else is into, one man's meat is another man's poison but I listen to a variety of stuff from Talking Heads to Nina Hagen, Gino Vanelli and Kate Bush! I listen to a lot of Metal of course like Kiss, Priest, Uli Jon Roth and Gary Moore but bands like Mötley Crüe, W.A.S.P. *etc* I don't like! It's not my music – pure pose and image, the songs are rubbish. The only thing going for them is that they look good.

"Look, I don't preach Satanism, occultism, witchcraft or anything – rock and roll is basically entertainment and that's as far as it goes."

And with that considered comment, the interview is abruptly terminated. Showtime has arrived and the band must now retire to their hotel to wash, dress and prepare for the Studio 54 extravaganza.

ARRIVING AT the venue, Slayer are winding up their set, preceded by bill openers Exodus (an AOR fan's most terrifying nightmare!), having excited the slam dancing crowd (a cultural mixture of hardcore Metal freaks and punk rockers) to fever pitch. Actually, the crowd are so excited that the security (thugs to a man) are having difficulty in coping with the rescue of several poor souls who have fainted due to the powerful excitement. One can only wonder what, indeed, a New York Ramones gig is like?!

With house lights dimmed, the weirdness of Studio 54 takes on an even more garish appearance, stuffed as it is with a capacity crowd of pestilent barbarians, as the band finally emerge. For a brief moment, there's a breath of hesitation as the crowd try to figure out why Mantas is missing and Dave and Les are running around like deranged maggots.

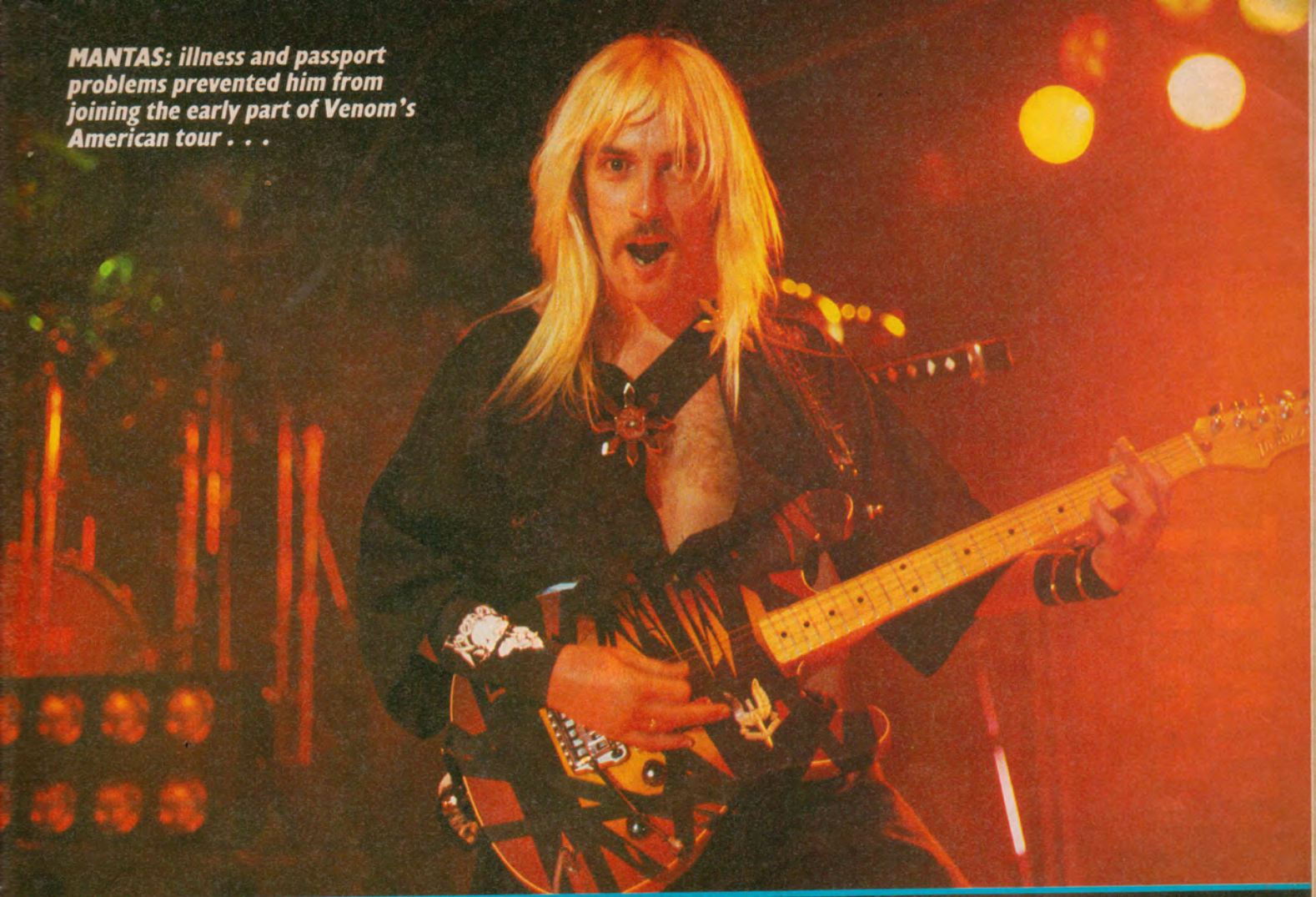
Taking a viewing position up in the balcony, it's obvious that even though the sound is at near distortion level and the huge amounts of pyro (scaled down to fit the venue!) are nearly blowing the band into the audience, the twin axework of Les and Dave has added copious amounts of professional melody. Yup, songs are actually coherent, hummable and, well, listenable!

But down the front, matters are no different from what they've been in the past. Booming, turbulent vulgarity is pouring out of the PA attacking the headbangers (including all of Slayer) like overactive woodpeckers and causing the foundations to rumble (ah! my assumption was correct!).

Even though the 'Possessed' LP has only been in the shops for three days the kids are yelling their crazy heads off to songs like 'Powerdrive' and 'Too Loud (For The Crowd)'. Older material is, of course, treated to a phenomenal response. The ball chewing of 'Black Metal', 'Die Hard' and 'Welcome To Hell' grates frantically alongside *magnum opus* pieces like 'In Nomine Satanas' and 'Seven Gates Of Hell'. The gig is a total success and the relief on the band's faces after the show is something that I personally will never forget. Add that to the news that Mantas will be arriving the next morning and I guess you can imagine the party that was had . . .

Venom will never wimp out, of that I'm certain, but a touch more professionalism (both on and off stage) at this point in their career would go down a treat and might be their stepping stone to some serious heavy duty chart action both home (watch out for some September UK dates) and abroad.

As for me? Might just see yer in Hell . . . if you're lucky.



***MANTAS:** illness and passport problems prevented him from joining the early part of Venom's American tour . . .*

***. . . SO AVENGER** axeman Les Cheetham and Fist guitarist Dave Irwin (pictured right alongside Cronos) stepped in as temporary replacements*

Pix Peter Cronin

JIM LEA

KILLER RIG

THE SIXTIES Beat Boom – especially the emergence of the **Stones** – excited **Jim Lea** so much that he felt compelled to buy a guitar and get in on the action. Consequently his classical violin studies – formal training and youth orchestra work from the age of nine – took a nose-dive. Not that he should be too worried; his success with **Slade**, the band that spawned a steady stream of hits from the late Sixties onwards, should see off any doubts as to whether he did the 'right thing'.

As well as the Stones, the **Beatles** were Jim's other major influence. But it wasn't until 'Beatlemania' had fizzled out that he noticed the effect they'd had on him: "I realised how great they were when I started writing songs. The Beatles were too good to be true".

In the early days Jim was content to use whatever equipment he could beg, steal or borrow. Nowdays he favours short-scale basses – notably an old **Gibson EB3** – with the decibels provided by a **Hi Watt 100 amp** into two **Marshall 4x12**'s; two **Hi Watt 200 amps** into two **Marshall 8x10**'s and two **HH power units** driving three **Martin bins**. For the studio, direct injection is the order of the day.

As a short-scale player (guitars, not his size) it's interesting to note that he found the **Westone** bass (in the photo and reviewed opposite) unusually comfortable and easy to handle for a full-scale instrument, and "it looks great".

Jim's favourite musos list is headed by the late, great **Jimi Hendrix**, the sometimes great and not so late **Eric Clapton** and **Queen**'s **Brian May**. The only bass player on his list is "the bloke from **Level 42**", known to many as the master of the 'slap 'n' snap' technique, **Mark King**.

If there's anything else you want to know, ask 'the bloke from Slade'. PAUL HENDERSON

Pic Ray Palmer

Instrument review by TIM OAKES

WESTONE ROCKET BASS GUITAR
RRP £309 (inclusive of Hard Case)

FOLLOWING ON from the review that we did on the *Westone* Rocket guitar way back in *Kerrang!* issue 77, those nice people in Japan have decided to meet the demand from *Killerwatt* readers and create a matching bass!

Now the real name for this guitar is the *Westone* 'Dynasty', and very beautiful it is too, with a 22 fret bolt-on neck, a massive twin pole pickup and a large and heavy black chrome bridge/tailpiece.

Black . . . the whole damn thing is so black that the few bits which aren't stand out very brightly indeed. The frets shine out from their dark ebony fingerboard (which, incidentally, is very close grained and as smooth as silk), while the headstock sports a gold *Westone* eagle logo and the instrument's name in bright red. So, on a dark stage, all you can see are a line of frets and four strings.

The attention to detail that *Westone* have placed on this instrument is truly excellent – such as the black graphite-based nut, through to the black control knobs and tuning heads, even down to the black chrome screws on the backplate. It is a very distinctive instrument indeed and, happily, it plays just as well as it looks.

Starting at the headstock then, *Westone* have staggered the tuning heads to allow for a smaller head. Three tuners on one side and one on the opposite edge means that the head can be much more compact, which helps the balance when the 'Dynasty' is on a strap. The tuners are *Westone* branded and are sealed up – which means less maintainance. They are smooth in operation and, even when the bass was 'high' tuned (as used by some players in the studio), they didn't slip one jot. Although the configuration of tuners may look a bit cumbersome, after a short playing time on this beast I had to wonder why more makers haven't opted for this layout before. The string that requires most retuning is the top G, and this is the tuning head with the easiest access when playing. Simple but clever, and a boon for those heart-stopping times when the bass needs a rapid retune!

From the heads, the strings pass under a retaining bar (again, matt black), which holds them securely and tightly against the graphite nut. The frets themselves are well set into the hard wood of the fingerboard, and are meaty and wide. They've also been excellently finished at the edges, and they are as near perfectly in tune (in respect of the micro distances between them) as I think you can get. This is very important if you are playing against something like a synthesiser or electric piano, which is electronically perfectly in tune – in which case any deviation in tuning on the bass sounds like a pig's ear.

The position markers are tiny pearloid dots, placed at 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 19th and 21st, with little dots on the edge of the neck in the same places. Four great bolts hold neck and body together, and the join is tight and hard – which is suprising considering the shape of the instrument and the very small area that the neck *can* be placed on!

So, having examined the neck, let's strap this beastie on. Well, it balances very nicely indeed, giving you the choice of having the neck at almost any angle you like. The hands fall naturally to the playing area, and the height of the pickup doesn't get in the way when playing with a plectrum. There are just two controls here, a volume (steady there!) and a tone (mind the windows!). Take it easy . . . this is LOUD. Courtesy of two poles (magnets) *per* string, the output is hot, and gives bass amps a damn good seeing to . . .

There is a problem here, actually, in that I like to play softly for some passages, and then wind everything into the red for others. On the 'Dynasty', the volume control is a little too 'loose' and the slightest touch sends the levels up to brain burning heights. I cured this with a little bit of bluetak just underneath to stiffen it, but you have been warned!

The tone control really does work . . . unlike many of the 'Dynasty's contemporaries, which range from a solid woolly grunt through to a searing shriek. It is very versatile, and gives the player the chance to experiment with the tones so that they can be matched against the other instruments in the band.

The bass is often used to emulate the sound of the bass drum on the kit, or to add bite to the rhythm guitar, and the 'Dynasty' happily complied with every request. If you want some comparisions, the bright sound is brighter in real terms than a *Steinberger* (as sharp as, say, John McCoys' powerful, punchy sound) while the deep tones are growlier than a *Precision* (and as raunchy as Lemmy . . .).

One small shortcoming is in the midpoint between these two extremes, where the lack of power on the mid-range sounds have to be compensated for *via* the amp. This won't be too much of a problem on stage, where the PA will be mid-range biased anyway, but could be a bit tricky in the studio, where a spot of tweaking at the desk end of things may be required.

On a final note . . . the finish on the 'Dynasty' is stunning. The *Westone* kids have been out using their sprayguns with a vengeance this time, and have layered the polyester covering until it looks like a mirror. This does mean that you'll have to polish off the fingermarkers after playing, but the quality of this plastic covering is such that a light touch with a soft cloth will shift most marks instantly. (Having said that, plectrums will mark this finish, and care should be taken to prevent scratches since they show up so readily – perhaps *Westone* will consider offering a scratchplate for messy players, like me!)

And although it looks mighty 'eavy . . . the 'Dynasty' only weighs 4 Kilos, or under 9lbs, for which my shoulder is mighty grateful.

In short, then, this is a very fine instrument, and offers good value for the price. Personally, I love it! My bass stack packed its bags and left this morning . . . and I have a feeling the neighbours won't be long in following . . .

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SHORT

Reviewed by MICK 'JUDGE' WALL

GARY MOORE/PHIL LYNOTT: 'Out In The Fields' (10 Records)

WHAT DO you reckon, kids? Two ex-superstars in desperate need of a hit single joining forces and playing on your prejudices in order to pry open your purse strings? Huh? Well? Oh s**t, save it.

If we all wanted to be rotten-minded about the whole deal we'd all s**t on this from the very greatest height possible, but as it goes, what's the point in wasting time over going into the commercial ins and outs of this thinly veiled attempt at star chartdom?

This happens to be one GREAT hard rock single and a record I am more than pleased to possess. Two singles for the price of one from two of the finest exponents of Celtic-rock the world has ever seen, so f**k the complaints, right?

'Out In The Fields' is one fabulously hard and driving rock single which I know we will all enjoy for many dark months to come. But a hit single? Never in a million royalty checks. No chance. It's too good.

Gary croons like a sheep-killing dog and plays his axe like the true dyed-in-the-wool genius he is, and on the flip Lynott cranks out another of his typically angst-ridden ditties to misguided youth, *viz* 'Military Man'. Rugged, rouged, and quite brilliantly performed. Record two has a brand new and completely lacklustre version of the old T'in Lizzy klassik 'Still In Love With You' to charm the bollocks off you, and something called 'Stop Messin' Around' to curdle your ears with.

Is this record any good though, I hear you asking out loud? Wonderful? Brilliant? Yeah, mostly.

MARK KNOPFLER: the same ol' song and dance

DIRE STRAITS: 'So Far Away' (Vertigo)

SO WOW, it's like two years since the band released a single and isn't it, you know, rilly rilly great? Naw, it's boring bollocks. Knopfler plays a lovely guitar, of course, but the song I've heard maybe 1,000 times before and in a myriad of guises. Really, all this world-weary s**t just doesn't impress me any more, not when it's played over a song about as a weak-willied as a drunken Australian on a Saturday night knees-up. Incidentally, Dire Straits' new LP 'Brothers In Arms', is released on May 17.

THE POWER STATION: 'Get It On' (Parlophone)

NOW THIS is more like it! Arrogant vitality guaranteed to draw an argument, which ever saloon bar doors you happen to swing through. Andy and John Taylor of Duran Duran, Robert Palmer and a galaxy of top New York session musicians are probably enough to turn up the noses of most fervent Heavy Metal rock and rollers, only *have you listened to it yet?!* You haven't? Oohhh, CHECK THIS ONE OUT. It's real, it's killer, it's . . . oohhh mamma . . .! Rock out, Johnny, rock and roll . . . OUT!

PAUL HARDCASTLE: '19' (Chrysalis)

ALIENATION? RAGE? Guilt? You bet . . . Where were you in Vietnam, man? Were you on the list? Huh? Purple Hearts are on me, bartender . . . that's right, hang me if I don't remember the sweet smell of Napalm clouding-up the bamboo bushes. This record is for you, cool fool. This record is quite, quite, you know . . . THE THING! WAR? WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR? HIT SINGLES?? . . . YEAH!

MICK JAGGER: 'Lucky In Love' (CBS)

LATE AT night I hold a pistol to my head . . . when I think I've had enough . . . suddenly . . . I'm . . . DANGEROUS!!! Oh shaddup, who cares what big bully boyos like you think of Fairy Godmothers like Mick Jagger? Not me, my little mascara snakes. Dig this: the mad surreal rantings and orgasmic wimperings of the greatest and richest rock star the unnatural world has ever seen. Buy this one . . .

BRYAN FERRY: 'Slave To Love' (EG Records)

OOHHH . . . infra dig, my sweetest. Traditionally 'young' Bryan emits an expression far too pale and fraught for your, um, Metallic sensibilities. But as my darling girlfriend says, only too eloquently, "I could float on the Mediterranean to that one, mmm, yes I could . . .". So who wants to argue with my girlfriend then, eh?

DON HENLEY: 'Sunset Grill' (Geffen)

"THIS AIN'T rock and roll . . . this is BANK-BALANCE!" remarked one of my bosomest companions. And, really now God, I couldn't put it so much better if they paid me too. (They could try, though . . .)

ONE THE JUGGLER: 'Hours And Hours' (RCA)

PRODUCED BY the legendary Mick Ronson . . . and, oh s**t, I really like his voice and I really, really liked that single they did two years ago called 'Passion Killer', but, oh Lordy, this single is so f**king dull it sounds like an undertaker's lunch break. Phoooh . . . worrasmell . . .

FRANCIS ROSSI AND BERNARD FROST: 'Modern Romance' (Phonogram)

THEY'RE JOKING, of course! I mean, Christmas songs are all right for pensionable idiots with no teeth and no senses left, but I thought this cat Rossi was supposed to be a rock and roller!? They lied to me. That's all I can say. And has anybody checked out the debut Partners In Crime album yet? SO WHY NOT, MEATHEAD?

SKY: 'Desperate For Your Love' (Epic)

YUP? GIMME that jar of *Valium*, young man . . . Oh sure, and ain't this one quaint little Euro-rock shocker for those of sharpened and sophisticated tastes? No, it's just another dentist's drill to me, Dad . . .

THE KINKS: 'Do It Again' (Arista)

OH GAWD, gimme a flipping break, Ray. How am I supposed to convince them all that your band mean a s**t 15 years after you last made a decent record ('Lola') with the sort of give-it-a-go half-heartedness and discoloured dung such as appears here? Retire, for God's sake. Retire or beat me up, but for God's sake, do something we can all have a good laugh at . . .

LEGION: 'Nice Guys Finish Last' (Nice Guy Publ.)

'HEADBANGERS?' said Justice Craterface, from his high seat on *The Bench* at Avignon, the highest Law Of The Land in those woebegotten days. 'HEADBANGERS WRITE SUCH GROTTY SONGS SOMETIMES . . .' And from that day to this, there's been no answer to that . . .

SEVENTH SON: 'Metal To The Moon' (Rising Son Records)

HELLO, Bri – vocals, Kev – guitar, Rich – bass, and John – drums. Hope you make it. This is a nice hard rock single. Are you all terribly young, are you all really sincere, are you perhaps all of these things? It's not for the likes of me to throw lots of horribly sophisticated nets of inconvenience over delicate acts such as yours, so how about if I say YEAH, and why not try again . . .?

RICK SPRINGFIELD: 'Celebrate Youth' (RCA)

HEY, WHITE BOY, remember that weird kid Rick Springfield we all thought would crack open the UK singles charts aeons before anybody had even heard the name Bryan Adams? Yeah? Well, the bright boy is back. And to top it he's managed to release a single finer, more complete and more sugar-sweet than any of us deserved to expect. 'Celebrate Youth' is one hell of a great rock/pop single from one of Uncle Sam's smartest sons. Brilliant . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . wanna argue about it? Talk to the girlfriend . . .

LOVE AND ROCKETS: 'Ball Of Confusion' (Beggars Banquet)

ANY OF you disgusting longhairs remember a black vocal group called the Temptations? Silly question . . . if you did or if you do, you won't like this . . . and if you don't and if you won't, you won't like this one either. Nice one . . . man . . .

A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS ARREST

Now that ex-Frank Zappa man and 'real musician' STEVE VAI has taken over from guitarist YNGWIE MALMSTEEN, the new-look ALCATRAZZ are taking no prisoners, reports PAUL SUTER

FAR DISTANT memories flash through my palpitating cerebral cortex, jarring the prickling synapses with their vibrant energy. Flicking on and off like some supernatural intrusion into the id, the minutiae of dementia burn deeply into the inner self, scourging and cleansing away the disease-encrusted remains of a former life. My *Roget's Thesaurus* falls by my side. I have successfully fleshed out the first paragraph with complete and utter bollocks.

But beware the logic of it all, the crucial link: bollocks. Well, nearly the crucial link, only a gallstone's throw away, actually.

ALCATRAZZ (from left): Jan Uvena, Gary Shea, Jimmy Waldo, Steve Vai and Graham Bonnet

Graham Bonnet must be extremely relieved that the pertinency of his plonker to the history of Alcatrazz is rapidly fading away, with the band now established as a going concern rather than an unknown quantity, and with much more musical questions to ask than whether he really did and was it worth it.

Probably reflecting the fact that there is now a band to talk about rather than just a bunch of people relating their own life stories because their band doesn't have one, the atmosphere in the Alcatrazz camp is relaxed and jovial, with Bonnet in particular anxious to couch common sense in as much silliness as possible.

His bouncy repartee invokes memories of a previous encounter for *Smouds* years ago – "God, we talked for ages and I can't remember a thing we said. I was f**king smashed!" It was at the time of his 'Night Moves' album (which I never heard – aargh!) and Graham still had a few interesting moves ahead of him at the time, but at last he appears to have settled in his path, doing what he wants to do with people he wants to work with.

NOT THAT this was the case with Alcatrazz not so long ago, as Bonnet made clear when the tape started to roll, with the inevitable first question focussing on the departure of guitarist Yngwie Malmsteen, Mr Hot Property of 1983 having evidently failed to become Mr Most Wanted of 1984.

Bearing in mind the main topic of the last round of Alcatrazz interviews, is Bonnet perhaps thinking that the subject matter is merely moving from one prick to another?

"No comment, I'd rather not talk about him. He was very fortunate to be in this band, and he's fortunate to be out of it too, so the less said about that person the better. I don't want to promote him in any way.

"Now we have Steve Vai who's a real individual, he doesn't try to emulate anybody. We have someone who's a musician, who isn't just looking out for himself as a rock star. And, of course, he'll drop his trousers for anyone . . .

"No, seriously, our other guitarist had a real individual style – put that in inverted commas, please! – and . . . Steve had something which this band needed – talent. We're very proud to have him in the band (round of applause, Steve grins with embarrassment). There are a lot of little things which are showing now that weren't there before; the band was far too guitar oriented but this time Steve has considered how the band should be arranged musically, how all the parts should be put together."

Indeed Steve Vai is credited with arranging all the material and has clearly taken over as the musical director of Alcatrazz, but in a manner much more sympathetic to his colleagues than that of his predecessor. It's a little bizarre, then, to reflect that Vai came to Alcatrazz from five years with Frank Zappa – you can see the heritage with other former Zappa men like Eddie Jobson and Terry Bozzio, but what's one of his guitarists doing in a talented but clearly straight ahead rock band? Spill the beans Steve, are you busking madly or what?

"This is just as challenging, let me tell you. I've always had rock music in my heart – before I played with Frank I was studying at Berkeley, but before that I was in a rock band so it's always been there, and after Frank I wanted to get back into it.

"I heard that Alcatrazz were looking for a guitarist and I knew of Graham just by reputation; Yngwie was still with the band at the time but they had decided to replace him and Jimmy (keyboards player Jimmy Waldo) gave me a call. I don't

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think that the fact that I'd been with Zappa helped a lot, and it had crossed my mind that it might obstruct me getting involved with a rock band again. In fact I had submitted tapes to Ozzy and Kiss but I never got calls and I heard later that the Zappa background had put them off."

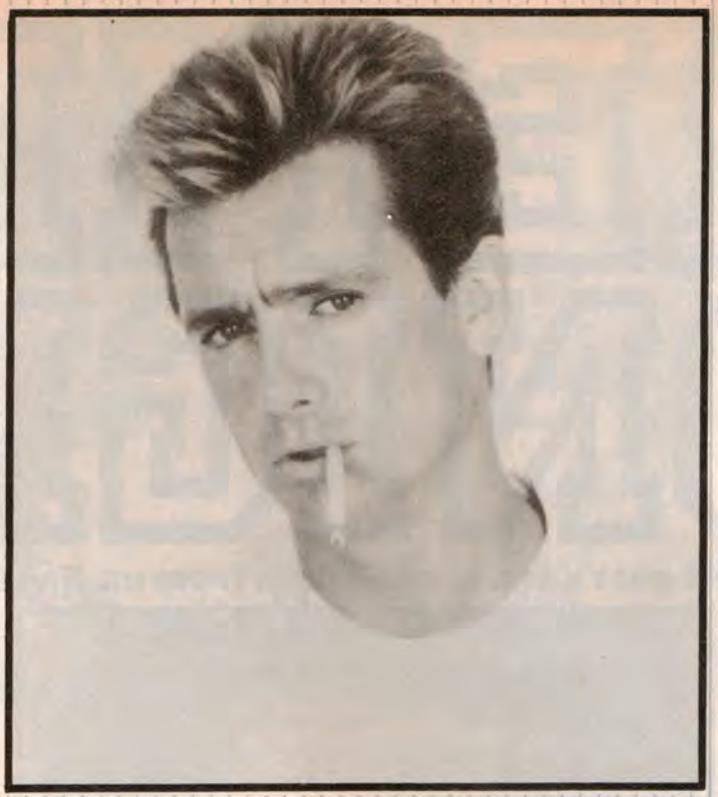
"We needed a real musician," is how Jimmy Waldo explains the band's positive interest in Vai with his Zappa background. "Of course we wanted flash, someone who could play his ass off," he concedes, "but we also wanted a musician who understod all about writing and arranging. Someone who didn't just think about guitar, but about music and vocals too – about the whole band. With a background in Zappa's outfit we knew he'd be a gret musician."

ALCATRAZZ HAVE surely made great advances in the transition from first album to second. Whilst I'll not stir from the notion that on record at least Malmsteen did bring a touch of class to the band's delivery, Vai brings something much more immediate and equally desirable with him – a touch of rock and roll. Malmsteen evidently did exactly what he wanted, Vai wants to do what Alcatrazz *need*. He co-wrote every track on the album, with his rock and roll heart clearly on his sleeve despite his sublimation into the world of Zappa for five years.

"I knew the guys and what they needed. I'd seen the band before I joined (Vai was actually selected before the final tour with Malmsteen) and it looked awkward, things were going on which weren't quite gelling, the music they were playing didn't seem to come naturally."

"We wanted to be a real aggressive rock and roll band and pump it out," bassist Gary Shea nods, "but we found that there was nothing progressive in trying to play classical licks that were written centuries ago by people who were better than us. Anyway Ritchie Blackmore and those guys were doing all that stuff 15 years ago. We felt awkward, and because of its precision it was very cold too – you have to play it the *proper* way, but rock and roll has more of a groove to it, there's a bit of give and take and that's where the character comes out.

"A lot of your ability comes from your environment," Steve continues, "and I learned a lot of adaptability from working with Zappa. I saw him do things that defied a musician's logic, but they *worked*. We were listening to a cowboy station once on the radio and he said 'I could write a song like that in five minutes'. And in five minutes he'd got it – he wrote and arranged it whilst we played it with him yelling out the chords. It's a country song



GRAHAM BONNET: "The first album was really rushed, it was even a rush to find a guitar player in time. We tried a few and 'Ingrid' was the only one who came closest to what we needed"

that would fool anybody – it's called 'Harder Than Your Husband'. And then I've also seen him write a symphony for the LSO, and then he'll go on stage and sing 'f**k me you ugly sonofabitch'! Just like people didn't realise that they could sing *and* play guitar until they saw the Beatles do it, I didn't realise that I could play for him and write for a real rock and roll band until I saw what he could do. He convinced me."

THE RESULT of Steve Vai's creative input is 'Disturbing The Peace', a release the ever-studious Mr Johnson dubbed in these pages 'a bloody great album' *(Kerrang!* 90), a much more upstanding effort than its predecessor, and chock full of class and clout. Just to prod Mr Johnson a smidgeon I'll point out that he didn't even mention the best track, the vibrant 'Painted Lover', but overall it's a much more balanced and effective record than the first album.

"After the first album," Graham agrees, "we realised that there had to be some sort of improvement and we took much more time to work out the songs this time. Actually the first album was really rushed, it was even a rush to find a guitar player in time. We tried out a few and 'Ingrid' was only the one who came closest to what we needed.

"I think this album is 100% better than the first because of all the preparation which went into it, and we managed to steer away from that Heavy Metal tag into a wider audience."

Jimmy Waldo seems particularly perturbed by the fact that Alcatrazz were getting classified as an HM band. Fair enough, it's an audience, but for their own ambitions the wrong one.

"Even with the first record I couldn't really see us as a Metal band, just a heavy rock band. Heavy Metal is like Walt Disney, caricatures like Mötley Crüe and so on – it's a role I don't want to play."

"What we're trying to put across on this album," Graham continues, "is that it's *music*, it's not just guys trying to show how well they can play. We're not part of any trend, we play what comes naturally now. The guys in Deep Purple could play anything, C&W if they wanted, but they're too scared to make any move away from what's expected of them. We're lucky because we're still new and we do whatever comes naturally and it's still *us*.

"We don't have to contrive to play Alcatrazz music, there's no fashion to follow and it doesn't have to be done in a certain way. We're not going to try and copy Ratt, we're not going to sing about the devil – well we might, but it'll be as a joke!"

"When you're writing," Steve confesses, "there *are* a lot of things trying to get into your head – like Ratt! – and it is hard to sit down and be original. You can't let anything take control of you, you've got to just let it come naturally."

IN THE course of our conversation the theme of doing what comes naturally seemed to be a recurrent one, with Alcatrazz showing a clear disdain for most of the trappings of the modern day music biz and its tendency to allocate a certain image whether you like or not, Bonnet in particular stressing an affection for the days of the Beatles when music was all that it was about.

Nowadays the concept of image is an overpowering one, and lyrically Bonnet takes a sharp shot at a certain well-known bunch of Midlanders in 'God Blessed Video', the opening track and first single from the 'Disturbing The Peace' album. Take your clues from '*Let's take a plane and go somewhere exotic/To play with a nondescript song*' or '*Some cheap kid from Birmingham . . . Just one more puppet, piss poor marionette/He's just a fast buck for sale*'. Care to explain, Mr Bonnet?

"No. Oh, alright – it's just a dig at what's going on really, take a kid from the street, dress him up and cut his hair and send him to all the posh clubs in London. It's about the business, how false it is and how stupid it is – and why the f**k am I in it?

"But in the last verse I say, '*If you can't beat them you might as well join them/And be glad to say you were there*'. It's crap really isn't it, but you're very serious when you write things!"

Stout parties collapse as Bonnet adopts a little old lady voice to deliver the last line, but underneath the play acting there's no doubting the sincerity of the topic, even though the targets may have been chosen almost at random.

Maybe Bonnet and the boys don't feel too much animosity towards the business right now though, for it certainly saved them from a sticky ending when their original record company *Rocshire* collapsed last year. Very rapidly the band were put in touch with *Capitol* through the services of our very own LA favourite, the legendary Ev (well done guys, you got her name wrong on the sleeve credits!) and were rapidly snapped up before they had much time to worry about what was going to happen to them. Bassist Gary Shea takes up the story:

"It all coincided with us coming off the road from our last tour with Yngwie and getting ready to go into the studio with Steve to do our next album for *Rocshire*. The label folded, but we were lucky that we already had a name of sorts, and *Capitol* seem to be really into us. We had four or five offers but they were the first people that we spoke to and they seemed to be really into the band, not just going for us because we were available and any old rock band would do. Anyway, they had the Beatles, and anyone who had the Beatles is good enough for us!"

FREYING TONIGHT

LAURA CANYON gets a warm reception from ex-Eagle GLENN FREY

"BRING ME a beer!" They bring him a Coke; they don't serve alcohol till after showtime, don't want the DJs falling off the platform, the dancers shrinking like virgins from booze on the guest stars' breath.

The American just shrugs and smiles. He's here in London to mime his 'Beverley Hills Cop' hit 'The Heat Is On' for the folks at *'Top Of The Pops'*. Nice guy, the kind of guy you'd like to talk with if only they'd turn off that Philips Bailey & Collins stuff that's dribbling through the unturnoffable speaker in the dressing room ceiling. Auntie Beeb is watching you . . .

"How am I doing?" he takes a swig at the *BBC*-sanctioned Coke can; 6,000 miles away in California an entire population crosses itself in horror. "I'll get better, a little more caffeine and white sugar."

Glenn Frey, ex-Eagle, current solo artist, pop star, TV actor and basketball fan, doesn't – unlike his old pal Don Henley – do many interviews. "It's not easy to talk about yourself," he says, "it's much easier to talk about basketball." Only not with an interviewer who doesn't know a net from a hole in the ground, so we compromise, talk about songs, music, movies, Hollywood, TV, Eagles, quite a bit about Eagles, to the accompaniment of 'Easy Lover' and a can or two of Coke.

GLENN FREY: "About midway through high school I got the itch for California. I wanted to go there . . . hippies and Golden Gate Park, free love and free grass – just what I needed!"

HE WAS born in Detroit in 1948.

"Detroit is a tough town, real tough. I guess because all the hard-drinkin' automobile workers came home and beat their wife and kids and so the kids come to school and beat up other kids," Glenn laughs. "So you learn to develop your sense of humour and run fast.

"I guess about midway through high school I sort of got the itch for California. I wanted to go there. They started having all the interviews in *Life* magazine about the hippies and Golden Gate Park, free love and free grass and that sort of thing – just what I needed!"

He'd been in a bunch of Detroit bands – Bob Seger's at one point, Longbranch Pennywhistle with JD Souther – before winding up with Texan exile Don Henley (a moment's silence in honour of the glorious 'Boys Of Summer') in Linda Ronstadt's backing band, and '71, *the Eagles:* a seemingly simple but amazingly complex outfit blending ballads with raw-edged lyrics, country-pop with heavy rock, some of the toughest easy-listening you'll ever hear, and one of the biggest-selling groups in the universe.

Glenn and Jackson Browne penned their first big hit: 'Take It Easy'.

"You know, it's funny when you first start out, you never think about making money or making it big; you just think about getting the chance of making a record – that's really the primary dream you have, the chance to get a record deal and actually record in a studio like the Beatles do and the Beach Boys and that sort of thing.

"But as success found its way to me – or I found my way to it – it was quite different, a lot more work than I thought it would be, but also a lot more fun really, I've really had quite a good time. I'm 36 but I feel like I'm 26. Except for this morning," he shakes his head, "I felt 46 or 56."

British beer?

"No, Stolichnaya".

Good medicinal stuff.

"Yeah, killed every germ in my body!"

Which brings us back to Tequila Sunrises. Who was responsible for the hard rock injections into the sweet orange-juice cocktail of Eagles music?

"I think a little of it was me; when Joe Walsh got in the band and also when Don Felder got in the band, they were both what I

GLENN FREY (left) on the set of TV's 'Miami Vice'. He played a 'spaced out junkie pilot' in a recent episode of the series

would describe as tough guitar players – which I like; I like nasty solos and stuff like that. But I don't think I was the main influence.

"You know, at the time when we first started out, our first couple of albums were less rock and roll and a little more country-rock oriented, and it just seemed to do well in concerts; we needed more uptempo material, stuff with a little harder edge to it. So I think, though there was always that edge to us lyrically – the stories had edge even when the tracks were mellow – I think the Eagles got tougher with each album."

AND TOUGHER to bear. The band's last real album was in 1979, though rumours of impending death started as early as 'Hotel California'.

Says Glenn: "I knew it about two years before we actually broke up, about three months into 'The Long Run' album. It's funny making records – I guess I've talked with women who've had children, and at about eight months and two weeks into pregnancy, walking around with their big bellies, they always say 'I'm never going to do this again' and then you have your child and 10 months, two years later you forget and then you go and do it again. And I think it was the same with every record we made. By the time we finished it, mixed it and sequenced it, I'd walk out the studio and get on the plane and say, 'I'm never going to do this again, no matter what. This is *killing* me!'" he laughs. "But about in the middle of 'The Long Run', I realised that this was *it*, that I couldn't do it any more. I didn't want to be in a band when I was in my 30s anyway. It was time to do something else."

Like be the 'benevolent dictator' we see before us now.

"Exactly! My own country. It's good to be the King! I've gone now from a fake democracy to a benevolent dictatorship.

"Don Henley and I ran the band, but you constantly still had to involve other people in decisions and stuff and make them feel a part of it. We had the final say.

"Don and I still keep in constant phone contact, congratulating each other on each other's success and stuff, and we spent New Year's Eve together and got as wild as 300 MauMaus on a holiday. Yeah," he grins. "We've had a *good* time."

Coke cans are raised to absent friends.

Don Henley gave the distinct impression to Malcolm Dome in *Extra Kerrang!* number four that the two of them would work together again. Glenn nods. "Right now I'd say the prognosis was very positive, there's really a good chance that it could happen – we've talked about it and I think as soon as he's done promoting his new album we're definitely planning on getting together to write again, and then what happens from there we'll see. We've had enough time apart now where we've really missed each other."

How long till we get the 'Eagles Reunion' rumours?

"No, the Eagles will not get back together. Don Henley and I might put a band together, do an album together, write some songs together, but the Eagles as a band – I don't think you'll see them, unless," he laughs, "I get in real tax trouble, if my investment portfolio caves in on me, my acting career goes in the dumper and I lose my record deal!"

Frey's late '84 released album 'The Allnighter' is his second solo effort. He wanted to make it completely different to his first, 'No Fun Aloud, which was "a very up, fun, white album, white suit, white sleeve, that whole thing, and I thought, 'I think I'll go the other way now'. 'The Allnighter' is a more provocative album."

It's got a real *film noir* sleeve, one of those sleazy, mysterious, late-night motel jobs.

"Yeah, we went for a *film noir* look – I kind of perceived the whole thing as an album that took place after dark, all black and white. I did see it as taking place in this weird club that could have been called 'The Allnighter' and all these stories could have revolved around this mythical place, smuggling, love, trying to get your girlfriend back, things like that."

BLACK AND white. But not enough of the black for my taste – a handful of songs poke out slick and shiny like whiteheads from the otherwise vinyl perfection. What gives?

"Originally 'The Allnighter' didn't have three tracks on it: 'Sexy Girl', 'I Got Love' and 'Better In The USA'. When I first turned in the album it was even darker than it is in its present form, and my record company (*MCA*) said, 'Well this is real good, but we think we need some hit singles from you as well.' They told that to *me*, ME, genius that I am! So when we were down in Muscle Shoals recording, it just so happened that Jack Tempchin, my songwriting partner nowadays, had this little hook of 'Sexy Girl' and I said, 'Well that's real dumb, I'm sure they'll love it, OK let's cut that piece of junk!'" Glenn chuckles. I *like* the guy!

Glenn's favourite song with the Eagles is 'Hotel California' ("That whole album, I think, was what the band was building up to through all the other records"), second choice 'One Of These Nights' ("Which I thought was a real cool electric guitar solo record"). His favourite-ever Glenn Frey solo song is 'The One You Love' ("One of the better ballads I've written") and second choice, from the new album, 'Smuggler's Blues'. Frey helped script the video of 'Smuggler's Blues' (he worked with British director Duncan Gibbins), the one which inspired the people at the 'Miami Vice' TV prog to base an entire episode on the song and offer Glenn his first acting role, as a spaced-out junkie pilot "who flies them down to Columbia to get 80 kilos of you-know-what".

He went over so well that instead of killing him off, as the plot dictated, they "just wounded me, so I'll probably be back for another episode this year.

"I'm a songwriter, an artist first and foremost, not 'a star'. I don't see myself as a star at all. I guess you could say I'm an entertainer, but writing is my first love. That's really what's most important to me."

A Beeb worker has come to drag him off for a 'The Heat Is On' run-though. The lady saxophone player ("When you pick musicians you always pick them for the way they play") is waiting up amid the cranes and the cameras and the fake smoke-and-sleaze and the DJs and dancers. Time only for the traditional 'what's your burning ambition?' final question.

"I'd like to sell 35 million albums instead of half a million and be in a movie. And then after I sell 35 million albums I'd like to take the money and buy a professional sports team and f**k off!" he laughs. "I'd buy the Los Angeles Lakers and fade happily into the sunset."

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KOMMUNICATION

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SAVE OUR SHOP

WE ARE writing on behalf of a friend, Denis Cronin, who runs a small (but friendly) record shop in Croydon Indoor Market, Park Street, catering in all types of rock and Heavy Metal and specialising in the current underground scene.

Due to present circumstances, the shop will inevitably be forced to close down (probably less than one month from now). If this unfortunate event was to happen it would mean the loss of the *only* shop in Surrey and South London which caters for underground Metal (*eg* thrash, death, speed, power, black and new upcoming bands). Not only that, but Denis is a 'really nice guy', a friend rather than merely a shop owner, and is always willing to let you hear tracks off any album you may wish to purchase.

The shop may be forced to close for one reason, which I am sure you are all aware of – lack of money. There is not enough money coming into the shop to pay the rent for the premises and other overheads. It's pretty obvious that the only solution to this problem is more customers. We're sure there's plenty of connoisseurs out there of 'real' Metal, as well as those of you with more cultured tastes, who have not yet discovered this shop, and may be willing to come along and spend some money! **Hugh Gallagher, Adrian Parish and Jan Parish, Banstead, Surrey.**

TOP OF THE WORLD

I WANNA tell you a little story. Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

I'm sitting in a club sipping warm beer and choking in the smoke-filled atmosphere. I'm here to witness two local HM groups do their thing.

After an hour or so the first group takes to the stage. They play a couple of original numbers and receive a lukewarm reception before launching into 'Sharp Dressed Man'.

Hold on a minute, I think to myself, that's the ZZ Top song. They shouldn't be playing that, it isn't rock, I remember reading a letter in *Kerrang!* that told me so. The song finishes and the assembled crowd (all of whom look like real HM fans to me) roars with approval.

The incident is almost forgotten by the time the main band have finished their ear-splitting, blinding, posing, real Heavy Metal set when, horror of horrors, I recognise the opening bars of *their* encore, none other than ZZ Top's 'Tush'. The audience reaction once again confirms what I have always suspected – ZZ Top are a rock group of the highest calibre and well deserve their success.

I, for one, am fed up with being labelled a dirty, greasy, brainless drug addict simply because I like HM and have long hair and wear a leather jacket. Let's hope that the possible appearance of ZZ Top at Castle Donington this year will encourage non-Metal fans to turn up and find out for themselves what the music is really like. **Nick, a *real* 'real HM fan', Colchester.**

PRETTY POISON (1)

AT LAST somebody has seen the light! Geoff Barton could not have been more accurate in his description of Venom's 'Possessed' LP.

I have been into the Heavy Metal/rock *genre* for a long time, I am also well into thrash, death and speed Metal – but NEVER have I heard such a diabolical LP as 'Possessed'.

Venom's first two albums, 'Welcome To Hell' and 'Black Metal', were good, but 'Possessed' is a badly produced, ill-conceived and lyrically diabolical record. 'Possessed' is going to do untold damage to Venom at a time when they need all the support they can get from the fans. But now they are up crap creek without a paddle.

On the subject of the *Ladykillers* series, may I comment on the points made in the letter from Karen Brocklesly (issue 88). The series is a good idea, but obviously it was going to get complaints from irate females such as Karen moaning about its 'sexist' content. Well ladies, look at it this way, there are no two ways about it, female rock/Metal singers/musicians exist – they can't just go away or be ignored, and therefore have as much right to be featured in *Kerrang!* as men do. *I* think it would be sexist *not* to do features on these ladies! OK, I hear you cry, but why are they featured dressed in scanty clothing or without as much clothing as *could* be worn? Well, has it ever occurred to you that if the ladies in question didn't want to dress like that then they wouldn't? Bear this in mind before slinging the word 'sexism' around. **K., Bristol.**

RATT'S ROBBIN CROSBY: superior US rock

HELLO AMERICA!

FIRST OF all, a few words words of congratulations. Over the last few months I've bought albums by Q-5, White Sister, Madam X, Warrior, Ratt, Kick-Axe and, of course, Bon Jovi, solely because of the praise they've received in your pages. And you know what? Everyone of them is excellent – all sheer class rock 'n' roll.

Second point – do you notice something similar about those groups I mentioned? Right – they're all American. Add to that, Coney Hatch and Bryan Adams from Canada and the established excellence of the likes of Van Halen and Kiss, and then compare it to what we have in Britain – Iron bloody Maiden. No contest, eh?

OK, so Britain has produced classic bands in the past such as Led Zep, Purple, Ozzy, Priest etc, *but in the last few years there's been nothing, apart from Def Leppard, Mama's Boys and Robin George. Three bands – compared to hundreds from the States.*

It just goes to prove Derek Oliver's theory that American rock is far superior to what the UK groups are capable of, I'm afraid. ***Justin 'US rock all the way' Clouder, Ely.***

PRETTY POISON (2)

HAVING READ issue 92 of your fortnightly rag, I must say that I am disgusted at this recent bout of Venom bashing. I am, of course, referring to Geoff 'Big Boy' Barton's review of the band's latest LP, 'Possessed'. How can Barton dare to slag it? 'Possessed' is, the greatest vinyl in the history of rock music!

The anti-Venom infection has also been transmitted like the gay plague to your *Kommunication* page. How dare A. Bisset refer to Cronos, Prince of Darkness, as a 'big tit'. Next time the lads and I go Devil worshipping by the River Yeo's weir, we'll ask ol' Beelzebub to go kick Bisset in the 'Nairns'. **Sief Khasad-dum and the Legions of Wrington.**

WAFFLE!

OK, I'VE had enough. Mr Dave Dickson, you are a complete arse-hole. What I and many other readers would like to know is: why do you write for *Kerrang!*? Your favourite band is Hanoi Rocks and in the past, in a (supposedly) Heavy Metal mag, you have praised the likes of the Sisters Of Mercy, written about Tina Turner concerts *and* slagged off.

And now I have another complaint about you. Why on earth did it take you two pages to build up to your eventual meeting with Jon Bon Jovi (*Kerrang!* 91) and then only bother to give us one page of actual interview? I somehow doubt that *Kerrang!* readers are at all interested in knowing about you not having any hotel reservations, having trouble getting through customs and not being able to find anything to watch on TV. Why couldn't you have cut out all that s**t and talked more with Bon Jovi, that's what I want to know. Dickson, be very careful who you interview and *how* you interview them in future issues, or else *Kerrang!* could lose quite a few readers, including *moi.* **The Kiss freak, Doncaster, S. Yorkshire.**

TV OD

I'VE OFTEN wanted to write to you lot but I've never had a good enough excuse . . . until now! Tonight I sat with bated breath for the beginning of what us lot (rock fans in general) have waited for over one hell of a long time, a television programme totally dedicated to Heavy Metal. We all wanted to see some good rock music, played well, presented well and put forward to us, the general public, well.

And so at 5.30 pm on Friday, with my TV turned in to *Channel 4,* 'ECT' started, and . . . it was absolute C.R.A.P. There was no presenter, the billing was the wrong way round (bloody Madam X top of the bill!) and to fill in time they had namby-pamby dancers fresh out of 'Top Of The Pops' prancing about to Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid', one of the best ways I've seen of spoiling one of rock's best tracks.

The camera shots and angles were careless, the set looked like something out of 'Ben Hur' and there wasn't even a full audience, just a few spotty oiks.

If 'ECT' carries on in this fashion it'll be a real flop. **CT Davies, Westerham, Kent.**

TOTAL DEATH FROM MUSIC FOR NATIONS

MEGADETH

NEW ALBUM

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and business is good

MFN 46

Pic Peter Cronin

SLAYER (bassist Tom Araya above): 'the aural equivalent of a bubonic plague epidemic'

Plague Dogs

SLAYER
Palladium, Los Angeles

DOWN ON lower Sunset Boulevard (the rancid part of town), the mongoloid Metal legions have gathered for a night of serious bass bin damage. It's time to insert steel pins and head (butt) on out into the wild, wild open spaces and prepare to rattle the cranium. Venom are headlining their first ever show in Los Angeles and the festering rats have been let out of the sewer.

Much to the Geordie trio's surprise (albeit a pleasant one), they've attracted a virtual sell-out audience. Mind you, a considerable quantity of the hammerheads have arrived in good time to break sweat courtesy of homesown speed thugees *Slayer.*

Rather like weeds running riot in a garden of pretty pegonias and rambling roses, Slayer are simply unstoppable. In an American market packed full of good-time musicologists who go for glamour and sweetness, this lot are like a flash of body odour rubbed into salted wounds. And I've now joined the scabby remains of the once 'Beefy' Barton as yet another to be strung up by the fingernails at the mere thought of the Slayer siren call . . . yeah, I'm hooked, cleavered and sunk.

So to the crust of the loaf.

Onstage, this band are the aural equivalent of a bubonic plague epidemic. They are so utterly abysmal *that they border on true* genius. *The 50-minute set was taken at a breathless and quite mesmerising pace as all the 'classics' were raced through in frictionless, decay factor 12 motion.*

Song titles are irrelevant, the only thing worth considering is the energy pouring from the four cyanide crazies in the stable, tethered to a succession of wart hog riffs. This is not pretty music for pert folk, but animal droppings for those with hollow minds. It also happens to be quite amazing and beyond criticism.

Slayer, in truth, have no real contact with the trad roots of HM but rather take their stockpile of armoured rantings from a punk direction, leading it by the throat down a dark alley before mugging every vestige of sensitivity out of the music . . . an awesome experience.

The rotting crowd went supernova and the band burnt out practically every valve within easy reach. Me? I retired to the bar to contemplate exactly how drummer Dave Lombardo managed to maintain such a frenetic pace with scarcely any sign of flagging. Slayer may never make it t the arena circuit, but I'll always have time for them.

DOC DOOM

IQ
Marquee, London

FULL-HOUSE tonight, handful or two of unlucky punters cling limpet-like to the entrance just in case someone can't stand the heat and wants out. It's hot inside, dry and sweaty at the same time as only a full Marquee can be, like being inside Lemmy's leather pants while dreaming of laundrette dryers.

A vision. A hot and dry and sweaty vision. Drums are being sucked up drinking straws, sweet guitars with pounding headaches, David Bowie – made into a plasticene model of Gary Numan, no, Peter Gabriel – being force-fed hallucinogens as his voice is being stolen, while superhumans play white reggae . . .

Hard to make out, easy to fall for, whatever you make of them IQ have got to be one of the most interesting new bands around. Loaded word that, I know; try these for size: haunting, plodding, dramatic, compelling, lush, glorious, pedantic, pretentious, serious, humorous, fascinating and probably the most rhythmically evolved rock group I've seen in an age. IQ change time signatures more often than frontman Peter Nichols changes outfits. And fluently; a very musical group.

I've got to confess I prefer them on album to onstage – paradoxically, perhaps, because they sound better in some ways live; their record's got a garagey sort of production, giving the added intrigue of an obviously pro band slumming it a bit.

Still, seeing them has its advantages, most of them in the very charismatic body of the vocalist, who says more with an upturned palm in a strobe light than most bands could with a team of drama coaches poking them up the behind. And have you noticed the Cheap Trick visual element – pin-ups on vocals and bass, the uncute elsewhere, one Very-Odd-Looking-Indeed . . .?

The set started with 'Outer Limits' from the upcoming album, closed with the strangely attractive reggae 'Barbell Is In', included new songs like 'The Wake' and older ones like 'The Last Human Gateway' (got to be the best of the bunch: lush and fluid, getting hot and dramatic, easing the tension with singalongs, sounding positively Thin White Duke at the end) with an *acapella* crowd-singing-contest, 'Wiggle', while horrible technical problems were being ironed out.

Most people on the Marquee floor knew all the words and worshipped rightly. In their own realm, IQ are conquering heroes.

LAURA CANYON

MAMA'S BOYS/ ALASKA
Dominion Theatre, London

WANDERING AROUND rock's freeways like a *Morris Minor* at Spaghetti Juction, Bernie Marsden has yet to find the right gear on the right turn-off since upping from 'Snake several years ago.

Now that's *not* to say Alaska need a complete overhaul, but judging by their new album 'The Pack', and tonight's performance, it seems to me as if they need tuning in to a fresher, more positive direction. Material-wise their steering seems uncertain and under their rock 'n' roll bonnet, Marsden's rather unauthoritive guitar style heaps leadership responsibilities onto singer Bob Hawthorn, who lacks the mainman might of a Coverdale.

These reservations aside though, I enjoyed tonight's gig. Hawthorn is certainly more convincing live than he is on 'The Pack' and songs such as 'Woman Like You', 'Running With The Pack' and 'Schoolgirl' benefit accordingly.

As far as Mama's Boys are concerned, I really can't see what all the fuss is about. From what I've seen of them tonight and on many other occasions, they appear to be little more than a mediocre rock band carried laboriously by an exceptional guitarist.

For a trio they certainly made a racket as they bludgeoned away the flickering hopes I had for them two or three years ago when a grubby demo crossed my palms and whiffed of potential. With some neatly painted table cloths draped here 'n' there, some gleaming new instruments and a deafening PA, they seemed to dance wherever the strings of commerciality pulled them, throwing in as much Metal as their conscience allowed them and generally making sure everyone banged their head.

But however, disappointing the Boys turned out to be, guitarist Pat McManus showed form. It's a shame the other two band members are his brothers, otherwise he could get shot of them a bit sharpish and build his career around musicians more suited to his ability.

MARK PUTTERFORD

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 49

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

THE KINKS
Odeon, Birmingham

THE MOD boys were there, jumping and bopping in the front rows, cheering songs that were hits three or more years before they were born. And there, up on the stage, were the band Sixties veterans never thought would survive thus far, still rocking and throwing moodies. The Kinks – God bless 'em. Ray and Dave Davies in matching suits and hair styles, showing that old rockers never die, still slugging out the hits and promising new ones.

It's ironic. The Kinks have probably never sounded better – they're a tight little unit, with experienced Bob Henrit enthusiastically drumming alongside his mate Jim Rodford on bass. The tunes were played with deft skill and drive, the show very neat and professional, with just a whiff of smoke and a few well placed spotlights. A far cry from the intoxicated shambles of yesteryear. And yet, despite all these bonus points, the hall was only three-quarters full, and this seemed to rankle. There was no great raging build-up as we have come to expect at concerts and several favourites were omitted, like 'David Watts' and even 'Lola' despite a few bars being played as a teaser.

Instead there was an entertaining succession of songs like 'Dead End Street', 'Come Dancing', (with revolving glitter ball), 'Celluloid Heroes', 'Waterloo Sunset', 'All Day & All Of The Night', and of course 'You Really Got Me' as the second encore. Songs from the decades of struggle and achievement that reflected Ray Davies' emotional tussles and romanticism.

There was much kerranging guitar from Dave Davies who also played and sung 'Living On A Thin Line', and there were times when Dave's howling guitar matched by Bob's mighty drums evoked visions of the Who, contemporaries of the Kinks, natch. The closest the band got to Metallic heaviness was on 'Do It Again' when Ray returned in what looked like one of Bill Haley's old suits. 'Missing Persons' was sad and moving, and there was much raving in the front rows for 'You Really Got Me'.

Ray was presented with a bouquet of flowers and he later made a promise that next time the Kinks would come back with a hit album and single and play to a packed house. Actually it didn't matter if it wasn't a sell-out.Those who came were the ones who mattered and *they* obviously loved it.

CHRIS WELCH

BLACK LACE
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

EVERY ONCE in a while a band comes along that's a little different. A bit *special*, y'know? Unfortunately New York's Black Lace are not such an outfit, but I had you going for a minute there, didn't I?

In fact, if the truth be but known, Black Lace are one of the more average groups to grace the Royal Standard's stage, and that's no recommendation. They're full of self-confidence and macho bravado, but it's all rather misplaced.

We're talking music for real men here, but there's one major stumbling block. They bluster through the likes of 'Born To Raise Hell' and 'Call Of The Wild', huffing and puffing like demented big bad wolves, but causing nary a shudder in the foundations. The problem at the heart of the matter is simply a lack of variety in their material.

Significant also was the proportion of songs lifted from the band's forthcoming 'Get It While It's Hot' LP, which fell on largely unfamiliar ears.

While question marks must be raised against their songwriting, the band's playing cannot be doubted. Vocalist Marianne Scandiffio proved to be a valuable find – although she turned out to be something of a visual disappointment in the light of her glamorous publicity shots. Both guitarists were capable of speedy excursions up and down the fretboard and the pounding rhythm section rounded off a sound which was tight and punchy, if lacking in melody.

What we saw at the Standard tonight wasn't a band, it was five undeniably talented individuals in search of a halfway decent song.

DAVE LING

WHITE LIES
Aston University, Birmingham

WITH THE general standard of demo tapes sent to *Kerrang's* 'Best Of British' series proving that there actually ARE worse bands than the vomitory Venom around (see issues 86 & 87 for painful details), I can't tell you how refreshing it was to come across a band like White Lies. Despite obvious financial restrictions, their three-track demo, which fell into my hairy palms a short while ago, displayed the type of qualities Dome & Co. found sorely lacking in their demo round-up: originality, imagination and sparkle to name but a few.

And so to Brum and an elbow-spot on the bar of a packed university club-house to cast a keen eye over the Coventry-based combo.

Unlike many four-piece bands, White Lies don't rely on the guitar to carry the banner, and in fact any personal virtuosity comes second to the importance of the song. Now that's not to say that Eddie Dwyer (guitar), Mick Tedder (bass/keyboards) and Rob Hewins (drum) aren't highly competent musicians, it just makes a pleasant change to hear a band working on arrangements and melodies rather than riffs and solos.

Visually though, Lies aren't quite there yet. Admittedly, the matchbox-sized stage didn't help their presentation much, but in today's image-conscious music world, they'd need to look a whole lot more striking to attract the selective eye of a major record company. Chunky frontman Jake Jones, a great singer though he undoubtedly is, would currently look more at home in a scrum at Twickenham than on the stage at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Still, I'd prefer to judge a band on their musical merits, and White Lies get good marks from me.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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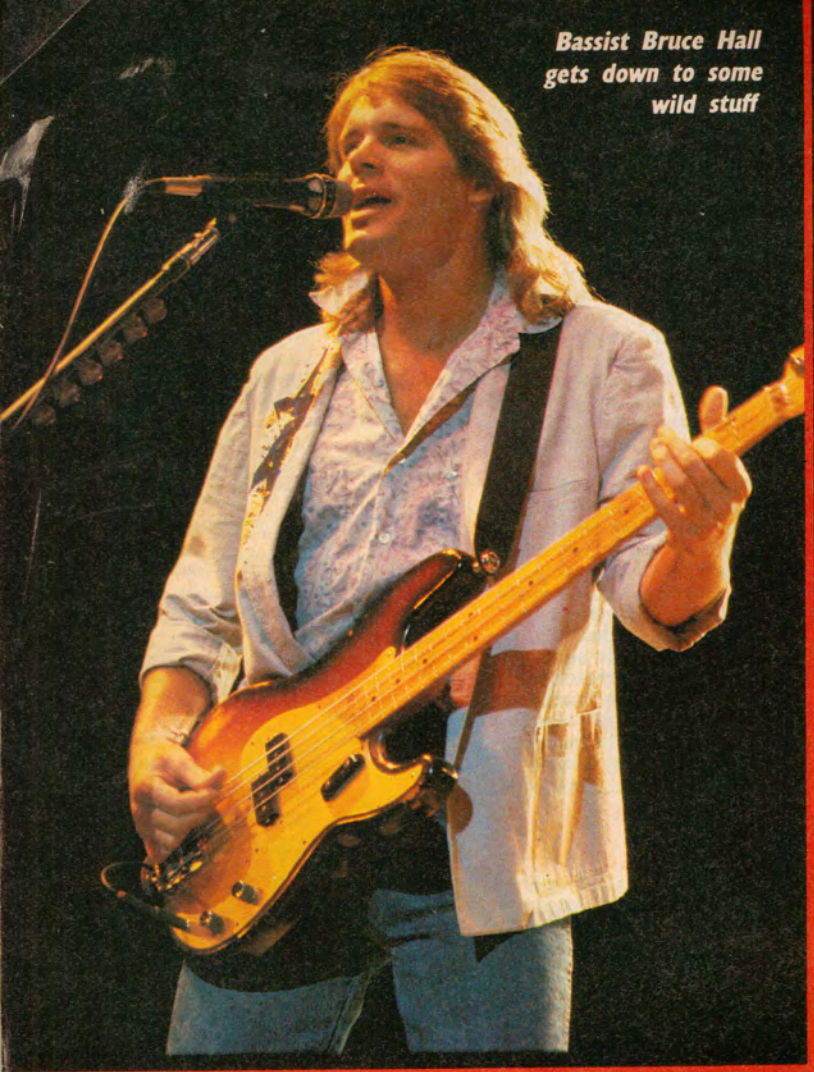


Bassist Bruce Hall gets down to some wild stuff

Guitarist Gary Richrath: cutting some serious rugs

BLAME IT ON REO

MALCOLM DOME joins the marauding Mormons of Salt Lake City in celebration of REO SPEEDWAGON

WE WERE WARNED, but well, since when does any member of the *Kerrang!* Prometheus krew take much notice of dark broodings?!

"Don't head for Salt Lake City," proclaimed the self-professed Job's comforters, "it's a dry county; you'll not get a drop of liquor anywhere!"

But it takes more than a few well-strung etymological pallbearer notions such as 'liquor free' and 'Mormon territory' to put off hardened citizens like Doc Doom and his photographic marsupial, 'Krazed' Kronin. Veterans of several footloose campaigns, we hitched our tent to the nearest (and cheapest) kite floating out of Los Angeles and *dropped in on a quiet, overcast* Sunday evening in the staked-out heart of Utah . . . or should that be 'Utaaaaggggghhhh!'

On first impression, Salt Lake City is decidedly European in its puritan geography. Neatly laid out and spotlessly, squeekily clean, this is a city that holds much of the grape-trodden beauty of low-netted Amsterdam in its surrounds. There's an air of freshness and tranquility overhanging this place that contrasts vehemently with the seedy dirt of New York and the sunshine sleaziness of Los Angeles. Kronin sighs and mutters about how staggering the postcard landscape looks. I give him a quick slash with my poisoned biro and haul him back to the business in hand – REO Speedwagon.

Yeah, I know it's a long way to come *just for a misty rooted* glimpse of the Chicago quintet onstage, but heck, I've not noticed any REO fire engine dates being pencilled in at the Nag's Head recently, so unless I was prepared to await the band's imminent arrival in London for two quick shows (May 28/29) – which I wasn't – then a trip Stateside definitely reared its haloed head.

Now, let's get one fact straight at the start; whilst I obviously enjoy travelling the world Phineas Fogg-style in search of the lost chord and platinum hook, nonetheless there's often a very valid reason for taking a dip in the Atlantic. In this case, I was able to witness the full splendour of REO live, something that I'm afraid won't be on offer to those pundits *who'll pack out the Hammy O, at* the end of this month because of space restrictions, fire regulations *et al ad nauseam*. And witnessing the complete set also gave Kronin a chance to snap, snap, grin, grin away merrily and present the band in the most exciting context possible. Either way, whether visually or verbally, you the reader is getting the full value for your hard earned cash.

SO, END of Dicksonian travelogue and back to SLC. Having avoided a local yokel who insisted on accosting us with the unwelcome phrase "greetings, brethren" (a quick flash of our laminated Venom US tour passes soon sent him scurrying for his holy dirty bath water), we make our weary way to South Temple Square (I kid you not) and our barn for the night, the Salt Lake Sheraton. Parking our *botulinis* buttocks onto some suitably softened straw, we hit an immediate problem . . .

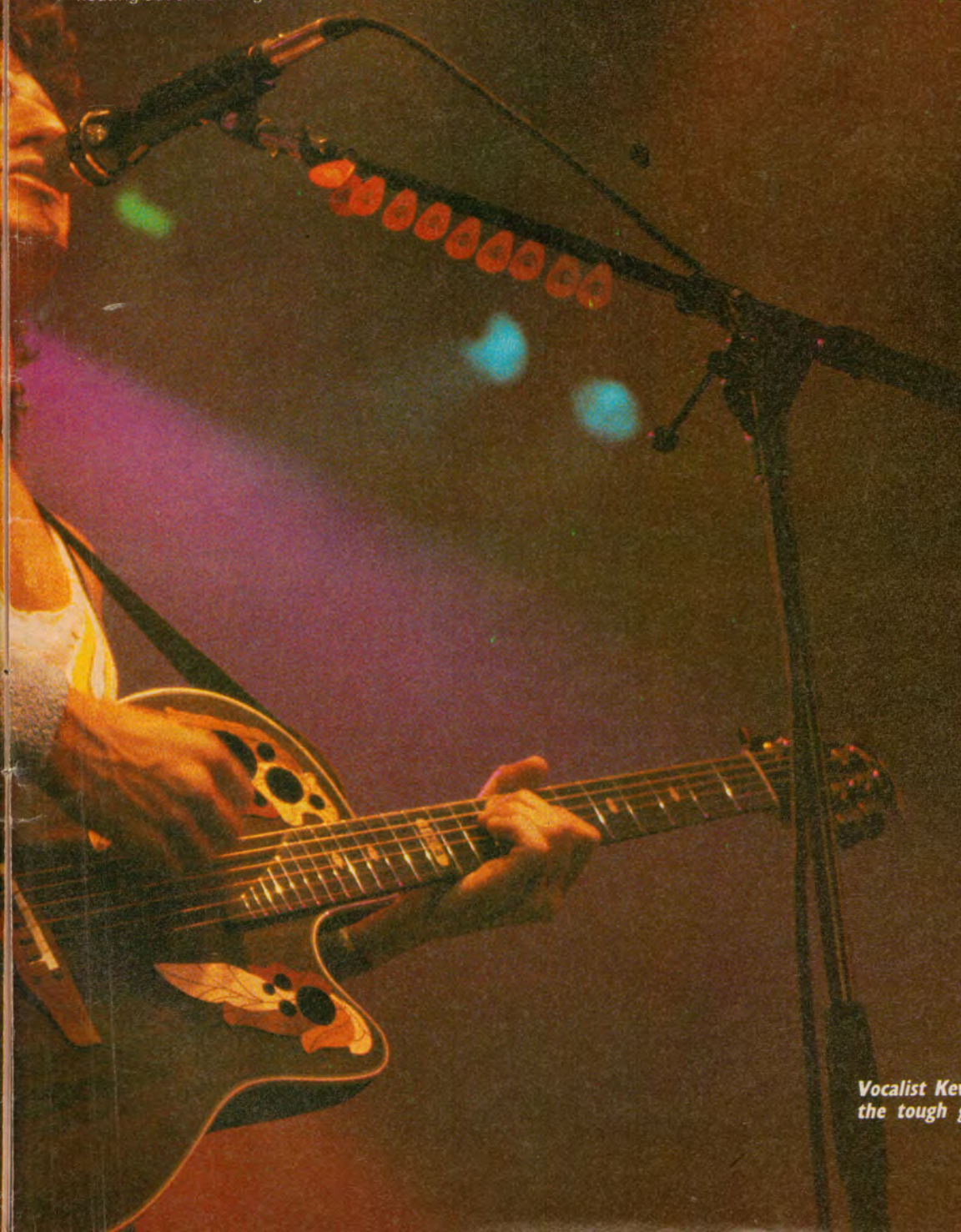
"Hello, can you connect me with Mr Tom Consolo (REO's tour manager). I'm not sure what room he's in, but he should be staying here . . . "

"Sorry sir, he cancelled his reservation a few days ago."

Kronin and I look at each other's alcohol deprived face. If Consolo ain't stayin' here, then neither are the band. And if the band aren't stayin here . . . where are they?!

Gathering our effects together (garlic cloves, Epsom salts, black candles *etc*) we head out into the lacquered air and walk the few paces to the massive Salt Palace, home for the night of REO

KONTINUES OVER



Vocalist Kevin Cronin shakes it loose with the tough guys

Pix Peter Cronin

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Speedwagon. We are taking our lives in our hands here, folks. The band's New York publicist is supposed to have left tickets and passes for us at the ticket office. In the absence of any contactable fiend (*sic*) or foe, we have to *trust* that everything has been sorted out for us. Fortunately, there's an envelope waiting in my name. However, the Krazed One doesn't have the requisite photo pass, without which shooting the show will be impossible. But, through a series of twists, shouts, invocations and turns we end up backstage, Kronin gets his photo stick-on appendage and the band even waive their usual rule of 'first three numbers only can be photographed'; this English microstar is allowed to snap the entire kaboodle.

Naturally enough the marsupial is convinced that the fact he shares his surname with REO's vocalist Kevin has played a significant role in the courteous and friendly manner with which everyone connected to the band greets us. I just pistol-whip him and gouge out his eyeballs, after all these lensmen have gotta be kept in their place (*ie* a small, evening paper-lined cage).

Thus happily sorted out, we take our parched throats into the auditorium to catch part of the set from support act Cheap Trick (the long-term guest band on the bill, Survivor, are in downtown LA shooting a video with *Pendulum Productions).*

They're received very well and perform with creditable crustiness. New songs like 'Standing On The Edge' merge well with old standards like 'I Want You To Want Me' (dedicated by vocalist Robin Zander to the delectable Laura Canyon?), 'Surrender' and 'Dream Police'. Guesting keyboards player Steve Walsh (Streets) gives an extra dimension to the band's fluxing sound and when their new, Jack Douglas-produced album finally appears (next month on the *Epic* label under the handle of 'Standing On The Edge') doubtless they'll be in a position to headline their own shows and then we should see something really spectacular.

As Trick leave the stage, Kronin and Doom size up the perambulating populace. What strikes us as strange is the absence of any hint of spandex-clad female thighs. Moreover, save for the occasional watch strap, leather is also a lacking clothing commodity. People in the highly religious/conservative Bible (non studded) belt all have well sandpapered faces and wear gently casual attire in the manner of Pat Boone/Sandra Dee style Sixties beach party movies. The air is clicking with *bonhomie* and good cheer. Yeurgh!

We take our seats about 30 minutes before REO are scheduled to hit the stage, the marsupial holding onto his camera bag for dear life. He's a worried man and not about to give up his equipment for anything. Eventually, paranoia overtakes Kronin's usually urbane personality and he heads for the photo pit and a lonely vigil. I decide to find out a mite more about this place and its relationship to rock *unt* roll. I turn to the Alaskan-born collegiate chap next to me and assail him.

"Er, how many bands play at this venue? Are you an REO fan? Where can I get a drink round here?"

Before he can answer any of these firing squad questions, the house lights dim, the normally docile Salterians whoop it up, clamber on their chairs . . . and we're awaaay.

The introductory chant booms over the screaming fans:

"There are your jazz bands. There are your pop bands. And then there are your rock bands. But there's only one . . . REO SPEEDWAGON!!!"

BOOM! BOOM! Boom! Boom! Boom! The ceiling seems to explode right above our heads as thousands upon thousands of ticker tape streamers pour down on to the wild-eyed Mormons. Suddenly the sound of music swells as the band launch into 'Don't Let Him Go'. The instruments come across with a manic thrusting polish, proving instantly that this lot are the best AOR act around.

'Tough Guys' follows with a swift, sure-footed chord avalanche of mountain goat dexterity. This is steamin' stuff, guys. Kev Cronin is in sparkling form out front, belting the hide off the lyrical ass of all known gems. Guitarist Gary Richrath is cutting a serious *axe*minster rug across the riffing board, whilst the rhythm steamboat of Bruce Hall (bass) and Alan 'I'm Real Sick' Gratzer (drums) honks its horn at every turn. Keyboardsman Neal Doughty might look like a refugee from last year's Social Democrat Party annual conference, but he sure licks the keys in an acceptably jovial fashion.

As 'Tough Guys' bounds to the finishing tape, the delectable blonde bird standing next to me falls straight into my arms. She smiles with sweet embarrassment and hauls herself into a semi-upright position. I'm obviously not on form, cos I let this heaven-sent opportunity pass without so much as a nod or a wink; either the band are so good as to make wet dreams seem obsolete, or else the purity of this city is affecting my manhood (Fiona, *help*!).

BY NOW, the security fellas/lasses have given up trying to get the fans to park their hooves on the floor – it's chairflown mayhem all the way. Cronin jumps mouth first into one of his famous raps, this one concerning how back in the teen days of Chicago, the establishment tried to keep the boys segregated from the gals (cue boos). But, whenever the latter had a pyjama party a few of the former would sneak along for some serious catwalk smooching (cheers). It all sounds like the plot for 'Porkys IV', yet the crowd lap it up as 'Thru The Window' kicks into gear.

From here, it's hi-de-hi, hit-de-hot as 'I Do' Wanna Know' slides into the divine 'One Lonely Night' (written by Doughty and the video for which is an hysterically Python-esque affair, directed by Sherrie Revord and Kevin Dole which features Cronin as the wizard Merlin plus other REO-sters in drag), before 'Gotta Feel More' continues the theme from the 'Wheels Are Turnin'' album.

At this stage, having only aired material from the 'Hi-Infidelity' and 'WAT' LPs, I'm beginning to wonder whether REO have abandoned their heritage, when 'Back On The Road Again' (from the classic 'Nine Lives' set) sees Bruce Hall taking over hoe-down microphone honours. The crowd are nicely stoked as more fuel is thrown onto the burning fires *via* 'Take It On The Run' and the recent chart topper 'Can't Fight This Feeling'.

The instrumental 'Flying Turkey Trot' (still a Trojan *tour de force*) leads into Richrath's rather Page-orientated guitar solo, full of *sob*liminal (sic) Zep 'quotations'. And then, suddenly, 'Rath grinds to a halt. As we gaze in his direction the band troop back onstage, but the spotlight sheers off towards the mixing desk, where (to the accompanying strains of 'Shakin' It Loose') Cronin appears as if by a miraculous deed (Hallelujah, I've seen the light *etc*). It's a master stroke compounded by the man's lightning burst of Coe speed (radio mike in hand) to the stage as the song builds to an emphatic climax.

The pace slows for the oochie-slipstream suburbia of 'Keep On Loving You', before Cronin enters his second extremely lengthy slightly blue rap of the evening to precede 'Keep Pushin' On', which sends shivers up the spine that only get stronger as the set ends with 'Roll With The Changes', complete with an *ad hoc* choir featuring not only members of the road crew but also various Cheapoid Tricksters.

The only person missing is Kronin, but then guest appearances from him have become very expensive following his jam session with Gazza Glitter some months ago at the Hammersmith Palais! Encores are inevitable, with 'Ridin' The Storm Out' topping off the bottleneck of monster riff piledrivin' to the tune of 12 synchronised flashbins. I'm stunned, overwhelmed and rocked back onto the edge. I make my down to the front and collect the bemused Kronin.

"I shot five rolls of film," he enthuses as I drag him backstage, where the two Cronins come nose-to-nose, discover a mutual Irish ancestry; I'm left sullenly wondering where you can get a drink in this part of town, as well as why no material from the 'Good Trouble' LP (obviously as underrated by the band as the media) was included.

"COME BACK to our hotel, we're havin' a party and it'll be real fun," shouts Kev as he's led away into the night. But it's rainin' outside and my old wooargh wound is playin' up (lack of bourbon, y'see), so we decline, heading for the hotel barnyard with the strains of the best live band I've witnessed in '85 still chiming in my head.

Go see 'em at the Hammy snakepit and cop yourself a needleful of the right stuff!

IN THIS WEEK'S SOUNDS

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DIRE STRAITS IN ISRAEL

PLUS MORE UGLY ROCK

WIN THE KERRANG! KOMPILATION ALBUM AND VIDEO

RIGHT, GET out yer diary and place a great big red ring around June 10. For that's the date when *Kerrang!* issues its first ever commercially available Video & Album Kompilations, distributed through *EMI*.

To be released under the title '*Kerrang!* Kompilation', the album will be a double housed in a full colour gatefold sleeve and the video cassette will feature hi-fi stereo sound. There will also be a cassette version of the album and all three (boasting artwork supplied by Iron Maiden artist Derek Riggs) should be obtainable from the usual retail outlets.

Artists and titles may vary slightly between album and video but those names set to appear on both include Iron Maiden, Helix, W.A.S.P., Queensrÿche, Wendy O. Williams, Mama's Boys, Motörhead, Robin George, Warrior, Gary Moore, Marillion, Madam X, Alcatrazz and the Scorpions.

We've got 50 copies of the video and 50 copies of the album available for an exclusive competition.

In our last issue we printed the first three questions to this competition. The final three questions are printed on the right, making a total of six questions in all. If you missed the last issue, don't worry – we will be repeating all six questions in our next edition, together with a full track listing for both the video and album.

Fill in the form on this page and send your answers to: Ann Kember, *Kerrang!*, Kompilation Kompetition, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

KOMPILATION KWESTIONS

(4) Which famous guitarist produced Madam X's first album 'We Reserve The Right'?

(5) What was the title of the Scorpions' first album with *Harvest* in the UK?

(6) Last year Gary Moore released a cover version of 'Shapes Of Things'. Who recorded the original?

DETAIL FROM THE ALBUM AND VIDEO COVER ARTWORK BY DEREK RIGGS

LOCAL CHART

1 THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
2 ARMED AND DANGEROUS **Anthrax** (Megaforce)
3 HEAVY METAL BREAKDOWN **Grave Digger** (Noise)
4 BORN TO METALIZE **Various** (Megaforce)
5 MANITOU **Venom** (Neat)
6 THE WARNING **Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
7 RATT **Ratt** (Music For Nations)
8 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
9 STAY HARD **Raven** (Atlantic)
10 METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
11 NO REMORSE **Motörhead** (Bronze)
12 STEEL WARRIORS **Steel Warriors** (Warrior)
13 FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH **Warrior** (10 Records)
14 PAULINE GILLAN'S NORTHERN DANCER **Pauline Gillan's Northern Dancer** (Bulleon)
15 WAYSTED **Waysted** (Music For Nations)
16 FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
17 ROUGH CUTT **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)
18 THIRD STAGE ALERT **Third Stage Alert** (Metal Blade)
19 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
20 TWO MINUTE WARNING **Angel City** (MCA)
21 TILL IT HURTS **The Push Band** (Jansco)
22 LIVE AT THE INFERNO **Raven** (Neat)
23 CITY'S GONNA BURN **Laaz Rockit** (Target)
24 GET UP, GET HAPPY **Antix** (Enigma)
25 POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
26 STAY HUNGRY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
27 NO MERCY **Bullet** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
28 FIERCE HEART **Fierce Heart** (Mirage)
29 THUNDERSTRUCK **Whiplash** (demo)
30 ROCK OF OFFENSE **First Strike** (Exit)

Compiled by radio station WPLT-FM, *Plattsburgh, New York*

Anyone interested in having their radio playlist/local chart published should send a copy to: **Kerrang!** ***radio playlist/local chart, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

DANIELZ (TARAZARA)
'ELECTRIC WARRIOR' T. Rex (Regal Zonophone)
'FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK' AC/DC (Atlantic)
'PRESENCE' Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)

TOMMY ASAKAWA (WARRIOR)
'CENTERFIELD' John Fogerty (Warner Brothers)
'SOUTHERN ACCENTS' Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (MCA)
'ELIMINATOR' ZZ Top (Warner Brothers)

CHRIS TSANGARIDES
'I THANK YOU' ZZ Top (track from the 'Deguello' LP on Warner Brothers)
'IT'S ONLY LOVE' Bryan Adams & Tina Turner (track from the 'Reckless' LP on A&M)
'SHE'S THE BOSS' Mick Jagger (CBS)

MIKE HOLMES (IQ)
'EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD' Tears For Fears (Phonogram 45)
'LIVING WRECK' Deep Purple (track from the 'In Rock' LP on Harvest)
'BLACK MAN RAY' China Crisis (Virgin 45)

IMPORTS

1 THE OTHER SIDE OF OZZY **Ozzy Osbourne** (Jet)
2 READY TO STRIKE **King Kobra** (Capitol)
3 CRIMES IN MIND **Streets** (Atlantic)
4 TEEZE **Teeze** (SMC)
5 SCRATCH AND BITE **Treat** (Mercury)
6 HELLOWEEN **Helloween** (Noise)
7 PROPHET **Prophet** (Total Experience)
8 IRON TYRANTS **Various** (World Metal Report)
9 VICE **Vice** (Vice)
10 METAL CHURCH **Metal Church** (Steamhammer)

METAL QUEEN

SINGLES

1	1	ONE MORE NIGHT **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	6	SO FAR AWAY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
3	2	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
4	3	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
5	5	THAT WAS YESTERDAY **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
6	4	COVER ME **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
7	8	DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
8	10	HEARTLINE **Robin George** (Bronze)
9	7	SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
10	—	THE KNIGHTMOVES **Pallas** (Harvest)
11	9	JUST LIKE AN ARROW **Magnum** (FM)
12	—	ROCK AND ROLL GIRLS **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
13	14	TURN UP THE RADIO **Autograph** (RCA)
14	—	JUST A GIGOLO/I AIN'T GOT NOBODY **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
15	13	HOLD ON (TO YOUR LOVE) **Shy** (RCA)
16	11	RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
17	20	SUNSET GRILL **Don Henley** (Geffen)
18	27	HIGH IN HIGH SCHOOL **Madam X** (Jet)
19	25	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
20	24	ALONG COMES A WOMAN **Chicago** (Full Moon)
21	16	PIECE OF THE ACTION **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
22	18	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
23	15	FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
24	—	THIS AIN'T LOVE **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
25	23	FALLING **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
26	12	MYZSTERIOUS MIZSTER JONES **Slade** (RCA)
27	19	STILL LOVING YOU **Scorpions** (Harvest)
28	17	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
29	21	CALL TO THE HEART **Giuffria** (Camel/MCA)
30	22	ONLY THE YOUNG **Journey** (Geffen)

PLAYLIST

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'TAO' Rick Springfield (RCA)
'WHEELS ARE TURNIN'' REO Speedwagon (Epic)
'KEEP THE FAITH' The Georgia Satellites (Making Waves import)

STEVE 'KRUSHER' JOULE
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'KEEP THE FAITH' The Georgia Satellites (Making Waves import)
'THINK HARD' John McCoy (Mausoleum)

MICK 'THE KID' WALL
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'KEEP THE FAITH' The Georgia Satellites (Making Waves import)

GEOFF 'BIG BOY' BARTON
'OBSESSION' Animotion (Mercury 45)
'WOULD I LIE TO YOU' Eurythmics (RCA 45)
'RASPBERRY BERET' Prince & The Revolution (track from 'Around The World In A Day' LP on Warner Brothers)

ALBUMS

1	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	2	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
3	3	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	4	SOUTHERN ACCENTS **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
5	11	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
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10	10	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
11	12	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
12	7	POSSESSED **Venom** (Neat)
13	17	WE RESERVE THE RIGHT **Madam X** (Jet)
14	14	WILD ON THE RUN **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
15	27	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
16	8	POWER AND PASSION **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
17	36	TRASH QUEENS **Wrathchild** (Dojo)
18	—	HELL AWAITS **Slayer** (Roadrunner)
19	39	WHEELS ARE TURNIN' **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
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21	9	BEHIND THE SUN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
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23	13	METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
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25	16	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
26	—	BEHIND THE LINES **David Knopfler** (Making Waves)
27	20	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JUGULA? **Roy Harper & Jimmy Page** (Second Sight)
28	22	EQUATOR **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
29	29	ROCKSTORM **Splitcrow** (Guardian)
30	21	THE DUNGEONS ARE CALLING **Savatage** (Music For Nations)
31	18	STAY HARD **Raven** (Atlantic)
32	45	FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
33	25	THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
34	24	FRIENDS AND RELATIONS VOLUME THREE **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
35	—	SPEEDWAY **Warhead** (Mausoleum)
36	15	ROGUES GALLERY **Slade** (RCA)
37	46	THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT **Samson** (Metal Masters)
38	38	STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
39	19	BIRDY – MUSIC FROM THE FILM **Peter Gabriel** (Charisma)
40	32	BREAKING THE SPELL **Spellbound** (Sonet)
41	28	BEYOND APPEARANCES **Santana** (CBS)
42	50	12 GOLD BARS VOLUME TWO **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
43	26	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
44	48	CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
45	37	VULTURE CULTURE **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
46	—	SIGN IN PLEASE **Autograph** (RCA)
47	—	SCREAM FOR HELP **John Paul Jones** (Atlantic)
48	—	FIRE IN HARMONY **Various** (Elusive)
49	33	BRITISH STANDARD APPROVED **Demon** (Clay)
50	31	SPACE RITUAL VOLUME TWO **Hawkwind** (American Phonograph International)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

MARILLION ● LEE AARON
IQ ● GEORGIA SATELLITES

FM is a division of The Heavy Metal Record Co. Ltd.

EAST ◀▶ WEST

THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM

MULTI-STORY

Heavy Metal Records

OUT NOW ON ALBUM: WKFM LP 32
& ON CASSETTE: WKFM MC 32

Album features the single 'CARRIE' (VHF 9)

WKFM LP 32

OUT NOW ON FM RECORDS

See MULTI-STORY on T.V. 'ECT', Channel 4.

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HEAVY METAL RECORDS, 152 Goldthorn Hill, Penn, Wolverhampton, England, WV2 3JA. Tel; (0902) 345345. Telex; 335419 ROKSON G.

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LADYKillers

WHO DO *you* reckon to be the best female hard rock vocalist in the world? Doubtless many would back the causes of Pat Benatar, Lee Aaron, Patty Smyth, Tahnee Cain or even Tina Turner.

Yet whilst I wouldn't knock any of their valid credentials (ahem), *my* hot tip (aside from Fiona) must be Storm's Jeanette Chase, a lass with a voice sculpted from purest angel cake. At once raunchy and sensitive, gritty and stylish, Jeanette's voice is surely one in a few million.

Storm, of course, have already recorded two albums (both only released in the US – one for *MCA* and t'other for *Capitol*). Currently, they're between deals and rehearsing new material in their native Los Angeles. 'They' are primarily Jeanette plus hot-shot guitarist Lear Stevens (there's no permanent rhythm section at the moment), a duo who write some of the finest Metal/pop tunes around.

As if all this talent wasn't a strong enough reason for Jeanette's inclusion in 'Ladykillers', then just cast your eye over this 'Panting' Ray Palmer snaperoonie. Now, can *you* think of a more stunningly attractive, demure rock 'n' roll female this side of Fiona?!

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ray Palmer

JEANETTE CHASE